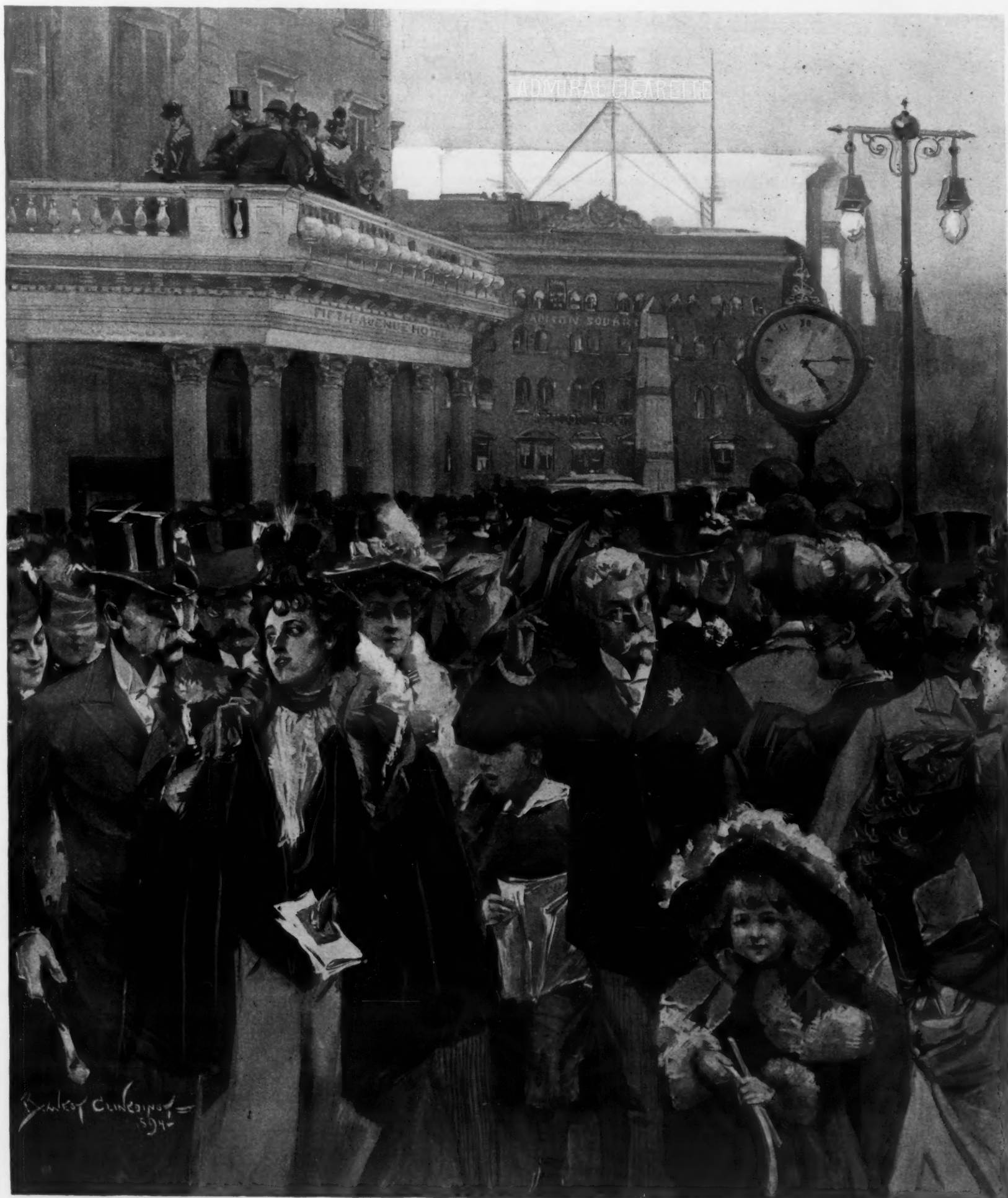


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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There is probably no place in the world where a more truly cosmopolitan throng can be seen than on upper Broadway any bright Saturday afternoon in spring.

THE "BROADWAY PARADE" ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN FRONT OF FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.



BROADWAY BEGINS HERE—DOORWAY OF THE WASHINGTON BUILDING.



GREATER NEW YORK.

By FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

IANA of the tower has Greater New York at her feet and within the sweep of her arrow. But what is Greater New York? Perhaps one answer is that it is simply manifest destiny. For several years it seemed a dream—a mere project to satisfy the sentimental desire of certain persons to become part of the biggest thing on the Western hemisphere. It is much more than that now. It simply awaits the decision of the people to spring into existence and to pass from dream to reality.

In a larger, truer sense, Greater New York already exists. It is a vast community, the second in size in the world, bound together by intricate commercial and social ties. It is composed of three counties entire and parts of two others. It contains at least 3,250,000 souls dwelling within an area of 317.77 square miles. It must be one city some day, not because Americans are always said to want something big, enormous, surpassing the possessions of others, but because the simple march of events demands it. Equipoise in municipal government demands harmony in the conduct of the affairs of police, health, public works, and other administrations of a great community, a reduction in the large army of high-salaried officials and hangers-on, a simplification in the methods of conducting the business matters of the various towns and cities that compose this community. The solution of the great municipal problem of the United States may be locked up in this Greater New York project, and may be disclosed ultimately. Any way, Greater New York is no dream. It is already actual. Its vital force permeates the whole country and is felt, one may say truthfully, everywhere.

Consider what this community is in a distinctive way. What does Diana of the tower see? A vast and confusing mass of buildings in which millions of persons toil and dwell, live and die, some enjoying the luxuries of prodigious wealth, some in the clutch of direst poverty, but the greater mass of whom are prosperous, contented, and law-abiding. If Diana could hear, high above the roar of the streets and the noise of business life would come to her a babel of voices, diverse tongues, and at first thought she might pronounce Greater New York the most un-American community in the land. Bits of foreign communities from every clime seem to have been transported bodily to this new world, and to exist here in spite of modern surroundings and institutions. What do those who live in them know of the "Spirit of '76," or the struggles of our forefathers, or the underlying principles of American institutions? In the Polish Jew quarter does not filth, almost terrifying, abound? The squawk of the geese in cellars and in loathsome upper rooms, the swarming markets of the streets, the jargon—surely these are not American, and cannot be made American. The Syrian quarter, the Chinese and Italian quarters, are the same from year to year—no cleaner, no brighter, forlorn and almost beyond reclaim. Surely these are not American. Picturesque some of this foreign life may be, but certainly not American.

And yet I do not hesitate to assert that, notwithstanding all this, and, indeed, because of all this, Greater New York is the most typical American community in the United States. It is the boast of Philadelphia that the America of a century ago, with its patriotism and ideas of equality, exists there more abundantly and more pronounced than elsewhere in the country. Undoubtedly that is true, but that is the old America, if one may use that expression. Greater New York represents the newer America—that America that absorbs and transforms all peoples and tongues, the lowly and the exalted of other civilizations and institutions, into the America of to-day; a country of assimilated ideas, of transformed people, rejoicing in the possession of liberty and theoretical equality, and engaging largely in a race for material prosperity. These Chinese, Italian, Polish Jew, and other quarters are merely stations along the track of the newer civilization. Day by day they receive their recruits, but day by day, as fresh arrivals come, their predecessors step out into the body politic, and probably, with the exception of the Chinese, become one with us. Perhaps some day these "quarters" will disappear, just as "Shantytown" has gone, and just as the great mass of Irish immigration, which alarmed so many persons a quarter of a century ago, has become assimilated and has produced in its second and third generations Americans of Americans.



SALT BREEZES AT CONEY ISLAND.

Thus we see that there is a deep significance in the idea of a great cosmopolitan city. Greater New York is something more than the largest community, the richest community, the "poorest" community, the most picturesque community; it is by all means the most attractive community of the New World, and therein lies its charm. That is why all true Americans like to visit it, and that is why so many persons like to live in it. Set down, as it is, at the natural gateway of the nation, with Liberty's torch lighting the harbor and girt about with commerce, it is far more than a hive of industry and an aggregation of homes. It is the literary centre, the home of art, the chief musical centre, the place where the drama flourishes most successfully, the largest producer of manufactures, the most extensive and busiest mart of commerce, the financial backbone of the country; and as its ceaseless life pulsates up and down, it never grows tiresome to the spectator or wearisome to its own people.

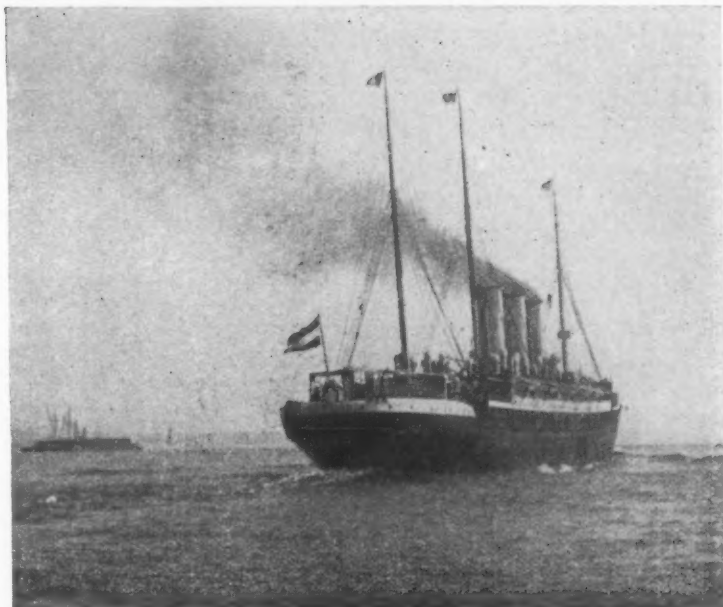
So extensive is all this life encompassed in Greater New York, that few persons, even of those who live in it, see any but a small part of it. The prosperous merchant, broker, or middleman travels a pathway daily from his comfortable home to his office and back again, and at evening seeks recreation among those of his own grade in life. The kind of people called society—perhaps it may be proper, even in America, to speak of those estimable and interesting persons as a class—flock by themselves, and hesitate to touch elbows with others near them—that predominating number of persons who may be denominated rightly the mass rather than the masses. The poor who fringe the edges of Greater New York in all its component parts have learned to get their enjoyment in life, and not regard their lot as entirely sorry and beyond endurance. Even the petty criminal, the work-house inmate, and the insane have some compensations. They dwell on what I think is the fairest spot in or near Greater New York, the group of beautiful islands that choke the East River near Hell Gate. All these go to make up the "great show" of this metropolis. The show is found on the water-ways, in the shops and quarters, in the daily crowds, in the buildings, in the amusements, in the work, and altogether there is no such scene of people, streets, and buildings elsewhere on the globe.

Founded literally on a rock, in the embrace of majestic water-ways, almost close under the shadows of superb mountains, looking far out upon the sea, a great light to all the rest of the country, but far from all that is most desirable in government or moral force, yet nevertheless improving from year to year, until it is freer, according to the ratio of its people, from vice and crime than almost any large city of the world, this community, this Greater New York, stands as the representative city of the New World, proud, hospitable, careless of trifles, indulgent, kindly, vigorous, luxurious, charitable, not jealous of others, conscious of strength and of future supremacy.

This is the Greater New York of to-day. When consolidation comes and brings with it increased property valuation, a better system of municipal government, the added volume of business that comes from the desire of thousands to live in and work in what is beyond question the largest community in this country; when numerous bridges span the water-ways, and when improved rapid transit



"LIBERTY" WELCOMES THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD.



OFF FOR EUROPE.

affords swifter methods of travel, with a large suburban territory to be developed, the Greater New York of the future will stand forth second in rank of the cities of the world. But who can doubt that in the course of a few decades only it will be the foremost city of the globe—foremost in size, in the character of its people, in its architecture, in its modern methods of government, and, it may be, in its art, its literature, and its music?

Greater New York's Highways, Parks, and "Quarters."



NE satisfaction the visitor to Greater New York always has: he can really see it. From a score of high places his eye can range over the roofs and far beyond the limits of his immediate surroundings. Greater New York has a clear atmosphere. To me that is one of its chief attractions. Climbing into Diana's tower in the heart of New York City, or standing in the centre of the famous Brooklyn Bridge—the great highway suspended in mid-air between two magni-

cent cities and over a swirling river, the spectator gets a vision that feasts his eyes and is food for his imagination. He looks down on business and private palaces, he sees the puffs of white smoke that tell the story of hundreds of thousands of manual workers hidden beneath them, he sees the crush in the streets and catches peering glimpses of the river life that sur-



THE INEBRIATES' HOME, FORT HAMILTON, LONG ISLAND.

rounds the whole and ever delights the people of this vast community.

The true way to see any city is to go about its streets and highways and to peer into its "quarters." There are three streets in New York City known the world over—Broadway, Fifth Avenue, and the Bowery. As for "quarters," the East Side is generally regarded as one all by itself, and the average citizen, even of New York, has little more information

about it than that it is supposed to be the home of poverty and squalor, of people living in dirty tenement-houses and in violation of all laws of good health, and that practically no English is spoken there. The average New-Yorker, however, is very much in error as to the East Side. Another quarter that has an air of mystery about it is the famous "Tenderloin District," and there are reasons for it, as we shall see. But there are other streets and other quarters in this community well worth visiting, and more than a mere passing notice.

The best place to begin to see New York City is at the Battery, that delightful little park at the very end of the city, where the rivers join, and memorable for its history and associations. It is still practically the place where the immigrant begins his journey in the new world to which he has come, and rare bits of color in dress, and gaping mouths and staring eyes, are seen there oftener than in any other part of the community. Sweeping away from this park along the Hudson and East rivers the shipping huddles close against the unsightly wharves and piers. On the East River side particularly the masts of the sailing-vessels group themselves into a veritable forest, thick almost as the Oregon pine forests from which most of these well-proportioned and slender trees came originally. Around on the Hudson River side there is no such profusion of masts, but as far as the eye can reach, the black smoke-stacks of steam craft tell another story of navigation. In and about the Battery the sailor rolls his way, the immigrant loiters, the shipping merchant rushes, and the suburban dweller in Staten Island and the southern edge of Brooklyn—soon to become part of Greater New York—hastens to and from his work.

THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT.

Step outside of this park and up to where Broadway begins. The visitor is now in the heart of the great business district of New York City. Within five minutes' walk are the famous exchanges of the town, and Wall Street and Trinity Church are at hand. Here are the great banking institutions, the



THE NARROWS FROM FORT HAMILTON.

foundation rock on which rests the prosperity of the country. Last summer these institutions, by the issue of clearing-house certificates, carried the country on their shoulders in time of grievous panic, and recently they relieved Secretary Carlisle from serious embarrassment in taking care of, practically, all of his new bond issue. We are at the heart of the nation here—viewed from the standpoint of finance. The streets are well filled for eight hours a day. All grades of men are to be seen, and there is a feverishness in the walk and look of many of them. Here is the home of speculation; here is where the prosperous middleman is supposed to grow rich and feed himself on the fruit of the laborer on farms, railroads, in mines and in factories. In these exchanges are scores of men shouting themselves hoarse and snapping their fingers in each other's faces in their frenzied efforts to buy and sell. Here is where nothing is produced. It is simply that place where the mammoth exchange of productions for money

is made. Thousands engage in it as a game. The trick is, by making wagers on the extent and flexibility of the country's productivity, to take the money out of another man's pocket and put it into your own. Both men to a transaction put their money down in plain sight and then the one that "gets the drop" on the other grabs the pile. Practically that is what the speculation amounts to, only it is done by indirect methods, and the poor Kansas farmer or the moderate investor

reads about it, and all that they can see in it is poor returns for their work and money. They think all this activity is at their expense, and it belongs to me neither to deny nor affirm it here.

It requires a vast army of clerks and messengers to carry on this tremendous exchange business, that amounts to scores of millions a day, and just before three o'clock, when stocks are delivered and excitement runs high, there are few more interesting places in the world. Hundreds of men and boys are darting through the streets on a run, the throats of brokers are choked with hoarseness, and many an unfortunate man staggers up Wall Street and turns hopelessly into Broadway, where even old Trinity frowns on him and seems to shout at him, with its hoarse-throated bell, that all is vanity except religion. Then the shutters go up, the doors are locked, the streets are filled with those who have been housed all day and are now going home, and by nightfall this place of excitement and nervous strain, this region of speculation and legitimate exchange, becomes a deserted village, almost as quiet and solemn as old Trinity's grave-yard. The exchange quarter is at rest, and how much it needs it!

CHINATOWN AND LITTLE ITALY.

Passing on up Broadway we reach the Post-office and the City Hall. Here is a new life. One street slopes away to the right, and right here the East Side really begins. The street is Park Row, and it leads to the Bowery at Chatham Square. From Chatham Square, within five minutes' walk, one may journey into a dozen foreign lands. Right here within a stone's throw is Chinatown, with its balconies and red lanterns, its restaurants, opium-dens and gambling-resorts, its fumes and dirty streets. Here are those famous lodging-houses of New York City, the terror of honest elections, the sleeping-places with high-sounding names on their signs for the unfortunate and the idle and vicious man. You look into their windows as you ride along in the elevated trains, and the sight they present, especially in winter nights from 7 to 10 o'clock, is enough to make the average citizen discouraged for civilization, and finally to harden his heart. Here is where the pawn-broker shops are thickest, and here is where the street beggars swarm. Here is, where the Baxter Street clothing puller-in flourishes.

You are simply on the edge of the East Side. Over there is the old Five Points, now the home of missions, and at one side of it is the repulsive Italian quarter, Mulberry Bend. Here thousands thrive and live and die in tumbledown buildings and dirt. It would seem a hopeless task to try to civilize it. No one makes an attempt seriously to do it. It is not

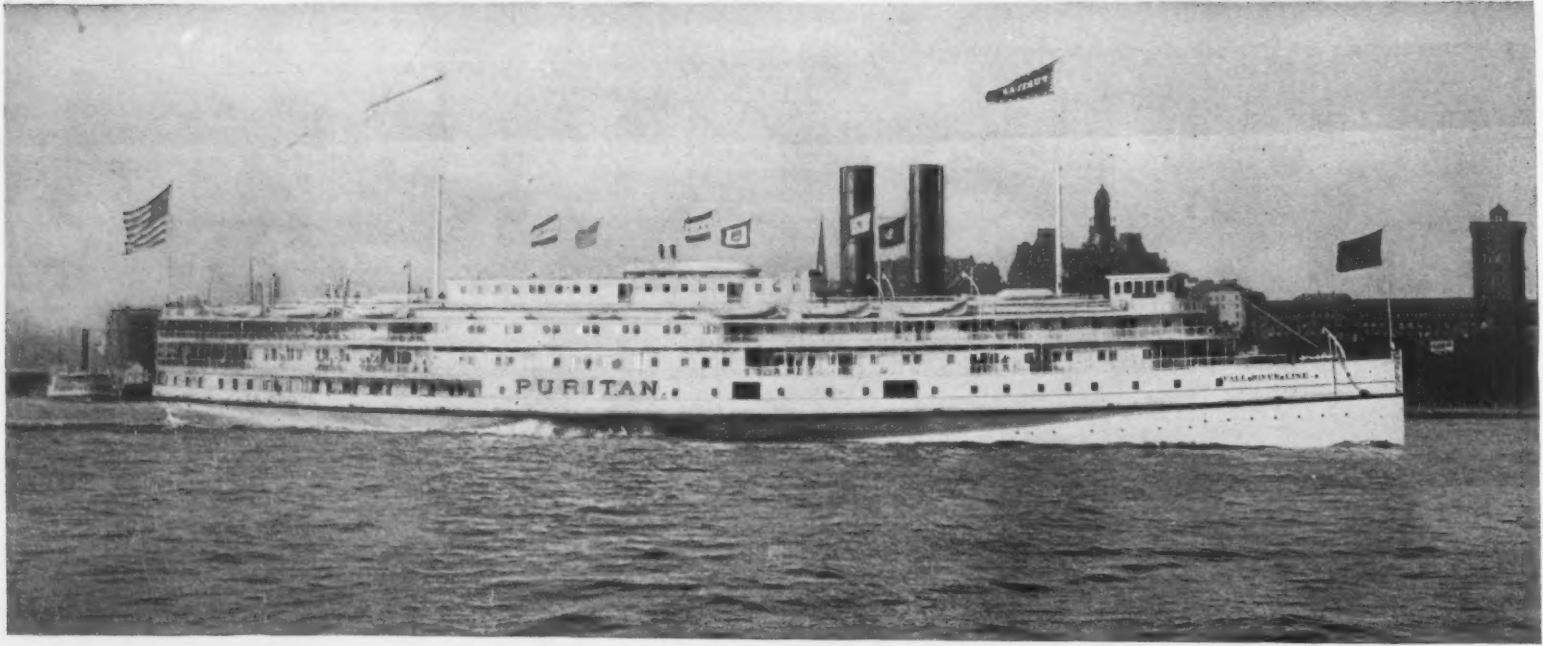
different in degree from the Italian quarter in any of our large cities except that it is larger, and that simply means more dirt, more sickly children, more hatless women, more repulsive-looking men, and more gayly-colored shawls. In its centre is the famous "Bottle Alley," and perhaps that name tells its own story and history. The stiletto has taken the place of the revolver and knife in the Five Points quarrels, but the electric light has come, and dark places have disappeared here as well as in other dangerous spots of New York City, and property and life are comparatively, and indeed actually, safe. The famous New York "gangs" have gone as the lights have increased, and Little Italy is open at all hours to visitors like you and me.

Back of the newspaper offices and to the north of the great bridge is one quarter which deserves mention. It is famous "Cherry Hill." Here is where the last of the old-time viciousness thrives, where the sailor is still lured to his misfortune, and where the lowest grade of vice, like that which obtains in Whitechapel, still exists. Here is where women are most degenerate, and men most degraded. The tramp is most worthless here. Hope is a myth in this section. "Single Alley" and "Double Alley" are here, and out of these two blind and slimy places, Superintendent Byrnes has said, have come the worst criminals and the lowest vice in all New York City. Cherry Hill, however, is changing. It is safe to walk there at night now, and glaring vice is the exception and not the rule.

THE EAST SIDE.

Go back to Chatham Square, and there strike northeast into the East Side. This part of town is famous as the place where the "other half" lives. The Bowery is its main street, but it is on the western edge of the quarter. Here, on Essex and Hester Streets, are the famous Jewish street markets, and here is where the Polish and Russian Jews exist. The street odors are more offensive than those of Little Italy and Chinatown combined, and the language of the shops is jargon.

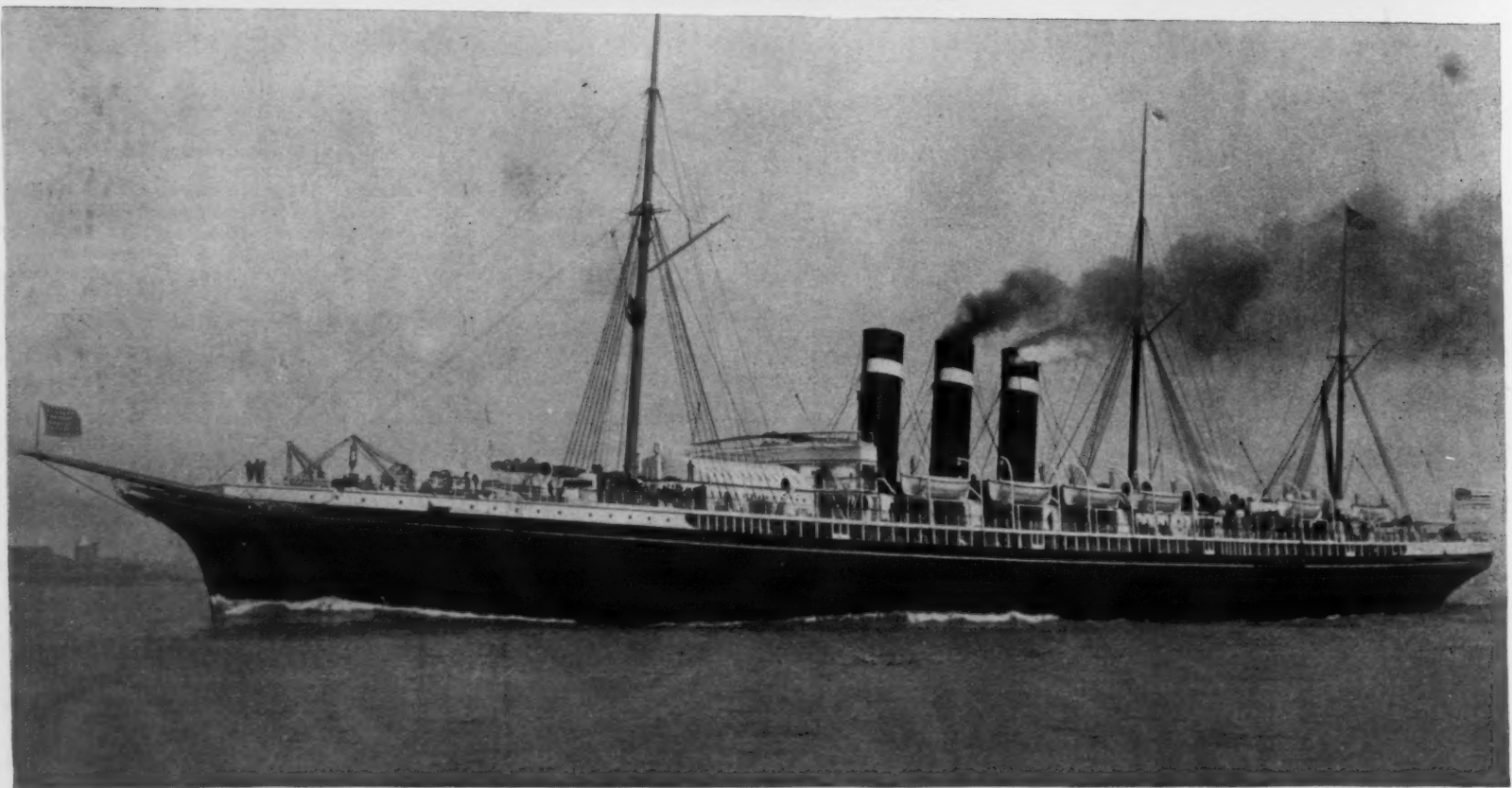
It is supposed to be the home of most dreadful poverty.



A SOUND STEAMER—A TYPE OF THE FINEST STEAMBOATS IN THE WORLD.



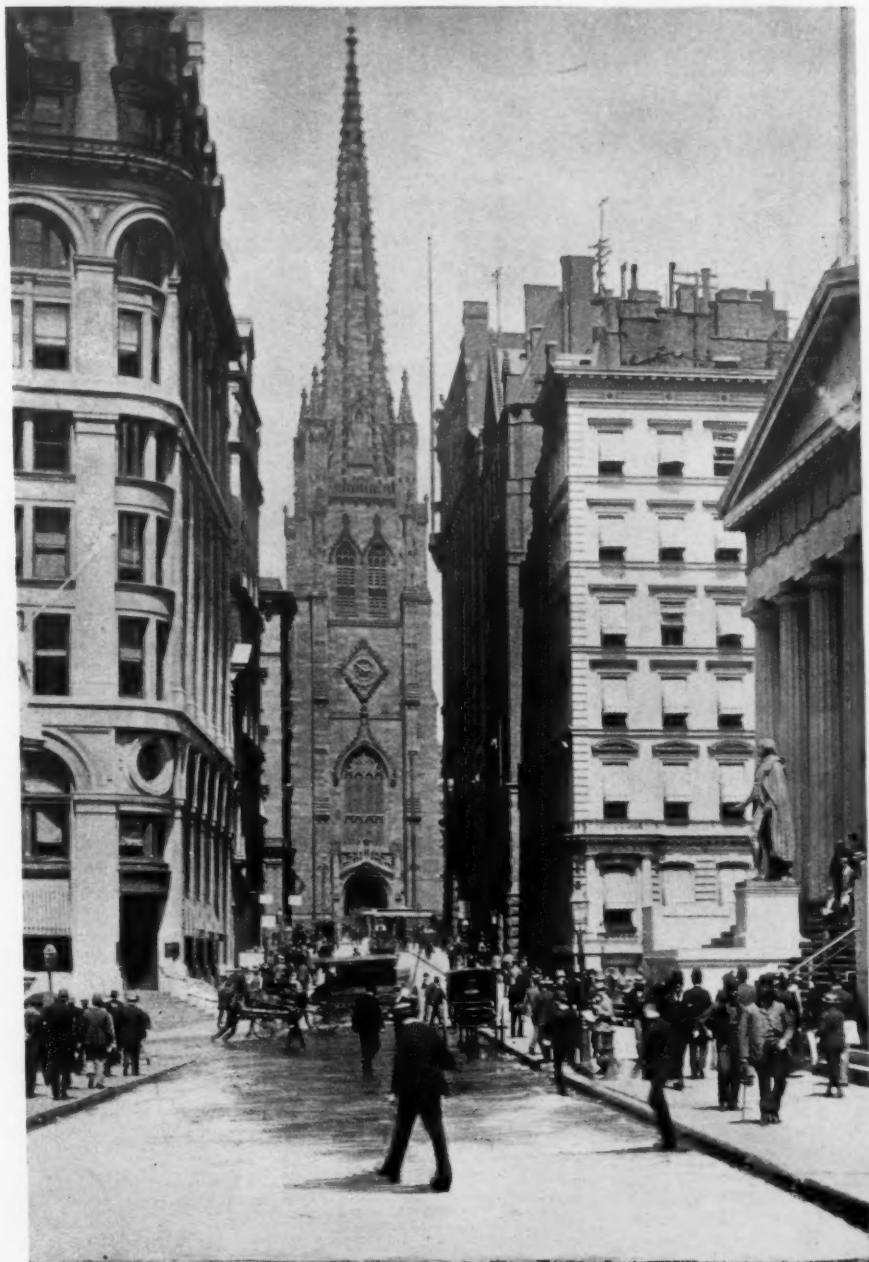
THE EAST RIVER, AS SEEN FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE.



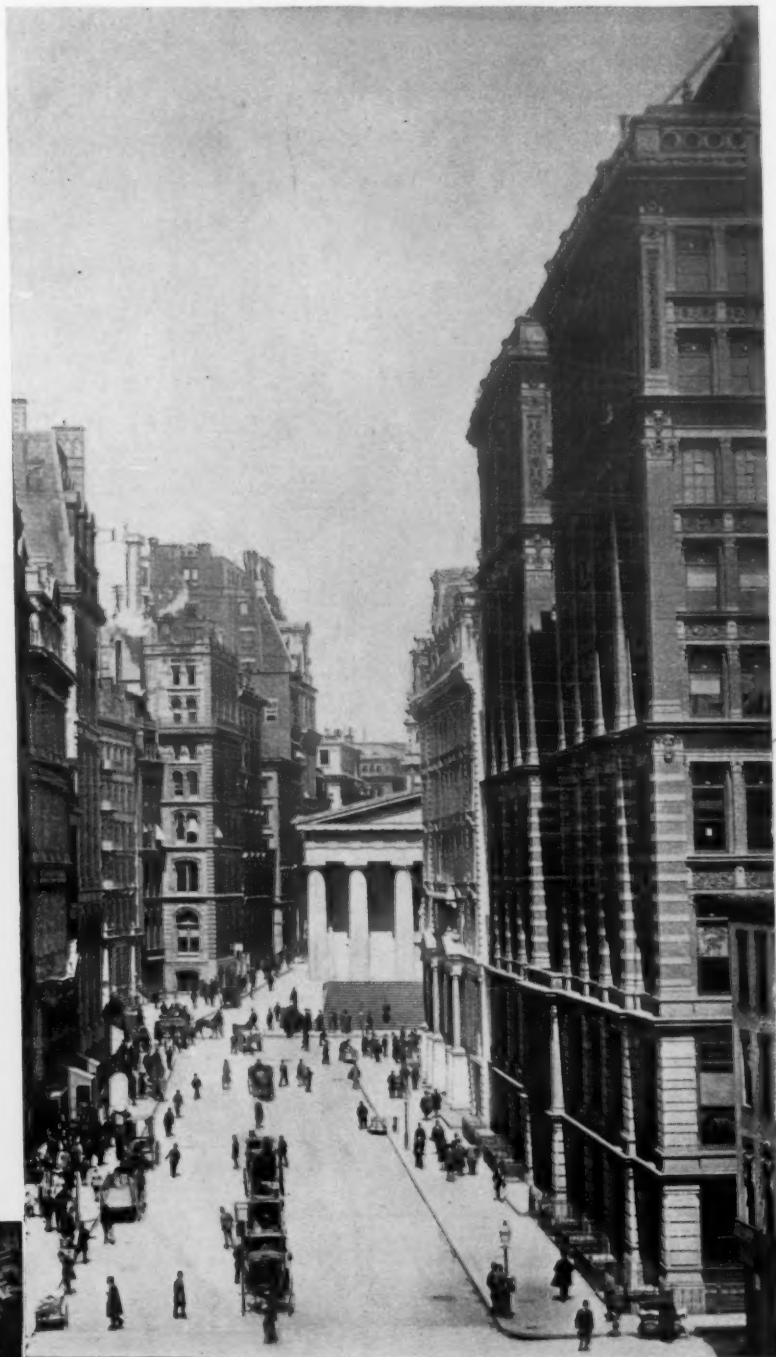
THE STEAMSHIP "NEW YORK," OF THE AMERICAN LINE, THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS FLYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

FLOATING PALACES OF TRAVEL AND COMMERCE.

WALL STREET AND TRINITY CHURCH.—Copyrighted by J. S. Johnston, New York.



U. S. Sub-Treasury. Drexel Building. Mills Building.
LOOKING UP BROAD STREET.



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE HOME OF THE MONEY-CHANGERS—THE FINANCIAL CENTRE OF THE UNITED STATES.



MONUMENTAL ARCH AT ENTRANCE OF PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN.

Much of this exists there beyond a doubt, but I fear I will surprise my readers when I declare that it is emphatically the home of thrift. Here men and women endure the sweat-shops and live in cellars and hot and ill-ventilated rooms, swarming together like animals, but most of them do it for gain. They know no other word than gain, as a rule. Money, money, money, is their hope and their life.

Last summer and fall the sweat-shops closed for a time because of the panic and hard times, and the good farmers of the West began gathering wheat to send to this starving community for bread. They stopped after a while, for they learned that the East Side has bank-books. The sweat-shops proper sent up a howl of starvation, and they flocked to the free-bread stations and got what they could for nothing. As a community, they had money saved up, but they would not touch it if they could help it. They finally did get out their bank-books and lived on their savings for a time. Then the winter came on and real suffering came with it. But there was more proportionate suffering in other crowded quarters of Greater New York than on the East Side. The poor felt it grievously, but the East Side lost only a part of its prosperity. It is still a hive of industry and low grade of life. Its Friday markets still swarm with geese and bright-colored and cheap dry goods. Its babies still fill the streets and its people can only crowd into the houses when part of them have gone to bed. The curious spectator is still hooted on the streets, and the gamins still pelt the passengers on the street-cars with bits of bread and old vegetables, and then dance to the music of the street-piano. The female pullers-in of the forty-seven millinery shops in a row, on Division Street, still are there. The asphalt pavement has come into the East Side, however, and, like the electric light, it has begun a reform. Dirt and asphalt don't agree, and the day of regeneration is coming slowly. As prosperity comes to some of the East Side residents they move away and the immigrants take their places, so that the terribly poor always seem to live there; but I maintain that it is the home of selfish and contented thrift rather than of hopeless poverty. Its Hungarian restaurants give life and color to its nights, and now and then, one might say frequently, a well-dressed young woman steps into the streets and joins her companions, and this pretty picture shows what the second generation of East Side life is, and what real prosperity there is there.

Go now up into the centre of New York, passing, if you please, up the Bowery rather than up Broadway with its tall buildings and signs blazoned with foreign names. The Bowery is not what it once was. The electric light has done it. The dime museum, the gaudy saloon, the cheap theatre, the concert saloon, the tawdry and glaring shops, the mixed character of the pedestrians are all there yet, but the street has changed. Some of the criminals and the fallen still hang about the corners, and one or two notorious resorts for thieves where the "knock-out" drink is served and the flim-flam game is played still exist, but the street has become Americanized. It is improving year after year, and resembles many of the cheap thoroughfares and business streets in a half-dozen American cities. There are streets in Chicago that resemble the old Bowery more than the present Bowery does. Its charm is of the past.

THE TENDERLOIN DISTRICT.

We have passed up to Union Square and beyond Madison Square, and if it is daytime we are in the heart of New York's shopping district. If it is night we are in the famous "Tenderloin District." The Tenderloin really exists only at night. It extends from Fourteenth Street to Forty-second Street along and on each side of Broadway. The Tenderloin is both a happy and unhappy name for it. Here is the theatrical and hotel centre. Here the gambler and *roué* come out for an airing, to see and be seen. Here is where the siren plays her lyre and where virtue keeps her eyes fixed straight ahead or on the

pavement. Here is where the glamour of lights is fiercest, here is where the cabs roll continuously, here is where the restaurants are gayest. Here, too, is where life takes on an air of luxury, but it is one of vulgarity, as you see on close inspection. The Tenderloin never sleeps in the night-time, and it is only at daybreak that it folds its tent and disappears. Its people are gay, careless, reckless, and invariably well dressed. It knows but one rule of life: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." It does eat and does drink, and the livelong night it is merry, but it is the merriment of despair, for to-morrow it does die, and a new Tenderloin takes its place. It is never the same Tenderloin, and I know of nothing that would make a thoughtful man despair more for his fellow-man than the study of this unique community in American life. With the Tenderloin it is always: "The king is dead; long live the king!" The king dies every night, or rather every morning at daybreak, and the queen dies with him, but royalty, especially the royalty of feverish and gilded vice, is prolific, and the Tenderloin never lacks for rulers.

Pass further up Broadway, through the residential district which lies to the right and left, up beyond Central Park and into Harlem, where the New-Yorker of moderate means manages to live, and here a new life awaits you. It is the life of the horse-lover and the driver. Over on the beautiful Riverside drive the prosperous and wealthy American holds the ribbons, and the

Long Island Title Company.



CITY HALL, BROOKLYN.

turn-outs of luxury roll along. Over toward the Harlem the lover of fast horses speeds his animals, and on Sunday afternoon this is a fascinating picture. In Central Park the newly-rich drive, and in the morning society takes its airing there on pleasant days in the early fall and spring.

Then there are other quarters and streets to which only a passing reference must be given. The negro colony still holds possession of Thompson Street and its adjacent thoroughfares below Washington Park, where Fifth Avenue ends, and the French and Spanish colonies are still on the West Side, from Bleecker Street to Fourteenth. There is Grand Street, always interesting and picturesque, the outlet of the East Side to the Bowery, and up in Harlem is One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, the main street of that part of town, always crowded at night, and more like a main street in Syracuse, Rochester or Buffalo than like a street in New York. Over on the West Side is old Greenwich Village, with its odd bits of architecture, and in Elizabeth Street one may find more people housed in one block than in any place of its size in the world. In ten blocks

in this neighborhood it has been estimated that there are more residents than all combined of a half-dozen cities in the interior of New York State. The factories of the town lie well down toward the rivers, and their workers live in cheap flats and tenements near them. Clear over on the West Side, near the lumber-yard district, is "Hell's Kitchen," where the knife rules, but it is a small place and crime there is an incident merely. From Tenth Street up along the Hudson River as far as Fiftieth Street runs a strip of poverty several blocks wide. Up through the centre of Manhattan Island prosperity runs its course like a streak of silver.

BROOKLYN'S STREETS.

Turn now and go to Brooklyn, passing over the great bridge, which is really a thing of beauty and a constant joy, the most inspiring thoroughfare in all the world, it seems to me, and soon you land in famous Fulton Street, crooked and swarming with women. Shopping here is as energetic as in New York, and the women on the streets at some hours of the day outnumber the men four to one. Brooklyn has its little Italy and its vast German district. This is known as Williamsburgh, and the customs of the Fatherland, but not the dress, rule there. Great sugar refineries lie along the river front, and the smoke of manufactories—they use soft coal far too much in Brooklyn—clouds the atmosphere. This city is the home of the men of moderate-sized incomes. The very rich and the very poor may live in New York, but in Brooklyn there are square miles and miles of homes and delightful residential quarters, such as the average New-Yorker never dreams exist. The city is bordered round about with cemeteries and it stretches down to Gravesend, but the cemeteries are like parks, and miles out of town, and Gravesend, like Brooklyn itself, has just been emancipated. Brooklyn's men and women stay at home nights, and the place still clings to amateur theatricals, lectures, and other pleasures of a home town. The suburbs of New York, Staten Island and other places, have also their delightful streets and quarters, but all have their being in New York, which is really the cause of their existence.

THE HARBOR AND RIVERS.

The water-ways of Greater New York are no less attractive than the streets. The ferries make numerous pathways across them, and up and down go the steamers, sail-craft, and the yachts of the millionaires. In from the sea come the mammoth ships of commerce, and up and down the rivers and bay go the palatial river and sound steamers. The stocky tugs go puffing about, and the lazy schooners and other sailing-craft often bend to their sails in view of the people of the cities. On Coney Island the sea beats and roars, and in the summer-time all the expanse of the water highways adds to the profit and pleasure of the people. The harbor and rivers give Greater New York excuse and warrant for existence and prosperity. The eastern port of the nation is here, and although Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other cities have fine water-ways, no community in the United States—perhaps San Francisco excepted—can compare with New York in so delightful an equipment.

MULTIPLICITY OF PARKS.

Before we leave the highways for other matters of interest

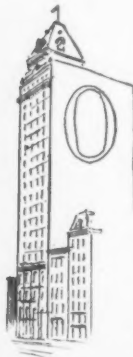
we ought to look at the parks. In New York there is Central Park, with its superb landscape charms and improvements; and in Brooklyn there is the famous Prospect Park, with its beautiful natural advantages. It has always been a delight to me that Boston's big Common is situated right in the centre of that city. This may now be said almost literally of Central Park in New York. The town has grown up around and beyond it, and those who enjoy it ought to feel grateful to the wise dispensation that planned it and placed it there. Prospect Park will be in the centre of the Eastern District of Greater New York, and a noble place it is. Then in New York there are the great squares, Union and Madison; the Washington Park with its superb arch, looking up Fifth Avenue; Tompkins Square, where the children of the East Side romp, sing their roundels, and get a breath of fresh air. In Riverside Park Grant's tomb, ornate and stately, is soon to rise, and Morning-side Park practically is to be adorned with a noble Episcopal cathedral, and the extensive and beautiful buildings of Columbia University.

A MODERN APARTMENT HOUSE, BROOKLYN.



There is a score of other parks, but they are smaller, and far up in the Annexed District is Van Cortlandt Park, still crude, but destined to be the great breathing-place of tens of thousands some fifty years hence, when that part of Greater New York becomes crowded with the homes of the people. Those who have visited the Chicago parks and have seen the highest development in this country in landscape gardening may imagine what delight there is in store for Greater New-Yorkers when politics begins to lose and finally does lose its awful grip on the public and purely local institutions of Greater New York.

The highways and parks of Greater New York are already fascinating. Those who have watched their past may predict safely that this fascination will continue to grow as the community grows.



Greater New York's Buildings.

Of course the most conspicuous things in any city and town are the buildings. Greater New York, perhaps a little slow in the matter, has taken on a new lease of life in architecture. Other cities in the United States, Philadelphia and Boston excepted, seem to have gone beyond New York in the newer architecture, but New York is now coming up with a rush, and the city is making few mistakes. Monstrosities in new buildings are not to be found in Greater New York.

I recently asked one of the firm of probably the best known architects in the United States if he would tell me in a word the chief characteristic of this new architecture that is springing up all over this country and making our cities a delight to the eyes. He said:

"We are simply returning to the classic styles. The beautiful architecture of the centuries dead and gone is being born again. We are using every grade and kind. Even the quaint old Dutch styles are being put into our new New York dwellings. More and more will our dwellings, office buildings, and workshops become pleasing to our eyes and a constant education to our minds."

"To whom are we indebted for all this?"



THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE FROM THE BROOKLYN SIDE.

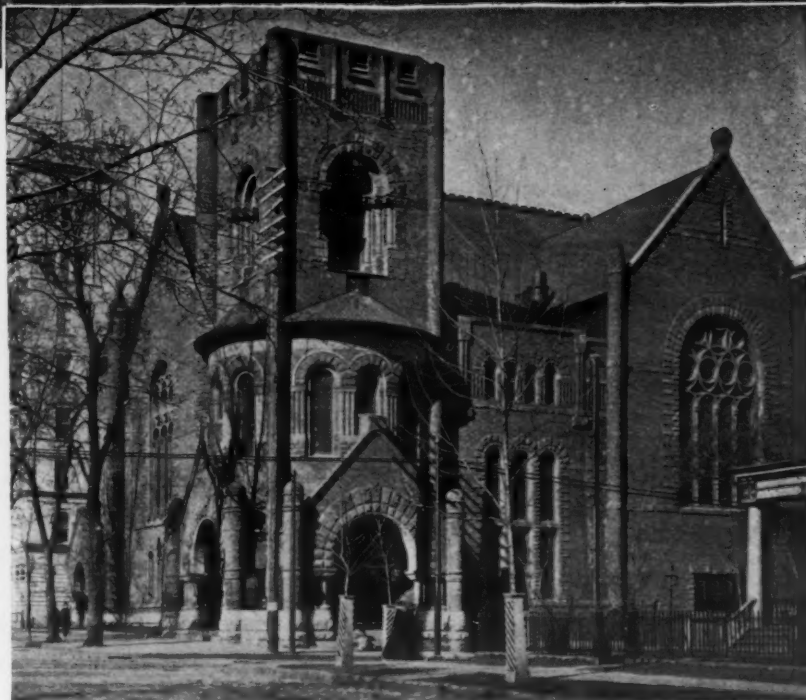
"To Chicagoans, undoubtedly. They discovered the secret of putting up a frame of steel and then putting a beautiful covering around it."

"Are not some of their enormous buildings architectural monstrosities, and simply put up to have something bigger than any one else has?"

"Perhaps two or three might be so designated, but in the main they are splendid structures, and they have set the pace for this whole country. They led to the erection of those crowning World's Fair buildings, and those buildings will live forever in this country."

What the architect said is true. For more than three years daily I have been riding across the Brooklyn Bridge, and I have been amazed to see the lofty buildings springing up like magic in the lower part of New York City. There is no necessity for making a catalogue of them, but one and all, from enormous factory buildings to superb office buildings, they are a source of interesting study and profit. The story that they tell is far more than one of prosperity. It is one of refinement, of sentiment, of regard for appearances, and they add infinitely to the satisfaction of living in a great community. The man who puts up a beautiful building puts the people in his debt, and does a service for the general good as powerful in its way as he who creates a park or surrounds his home with lawns and flowers that others may see.

At least a score of these handsome structures have gone up in the lower part of New York City within two years. Several are the palatial homes of insurance companies; some belong to newspapers; some belong to banks, and some to estates seeking an investment for accumulated property. Not one of them is hideous; all are graceful, strong, and more or less classic. The New York Times started the tall-building fashion here five years ago. There had been beautiful buildings before that—notably the Chamber of Commerce building and some towering and well-proportioned apartment-houses. The World followed with a building that stands for little in an architectural sense, but was built on the plan of fitting the cloth to the garment. The improvement went on, until in the Manhattan Life Insurance building now being finished we find the tallest office building in the world, reaching a height of three hundred and forty-seven feet on Broadway and three hundred and sixty on New Street. This building has a frontage of only

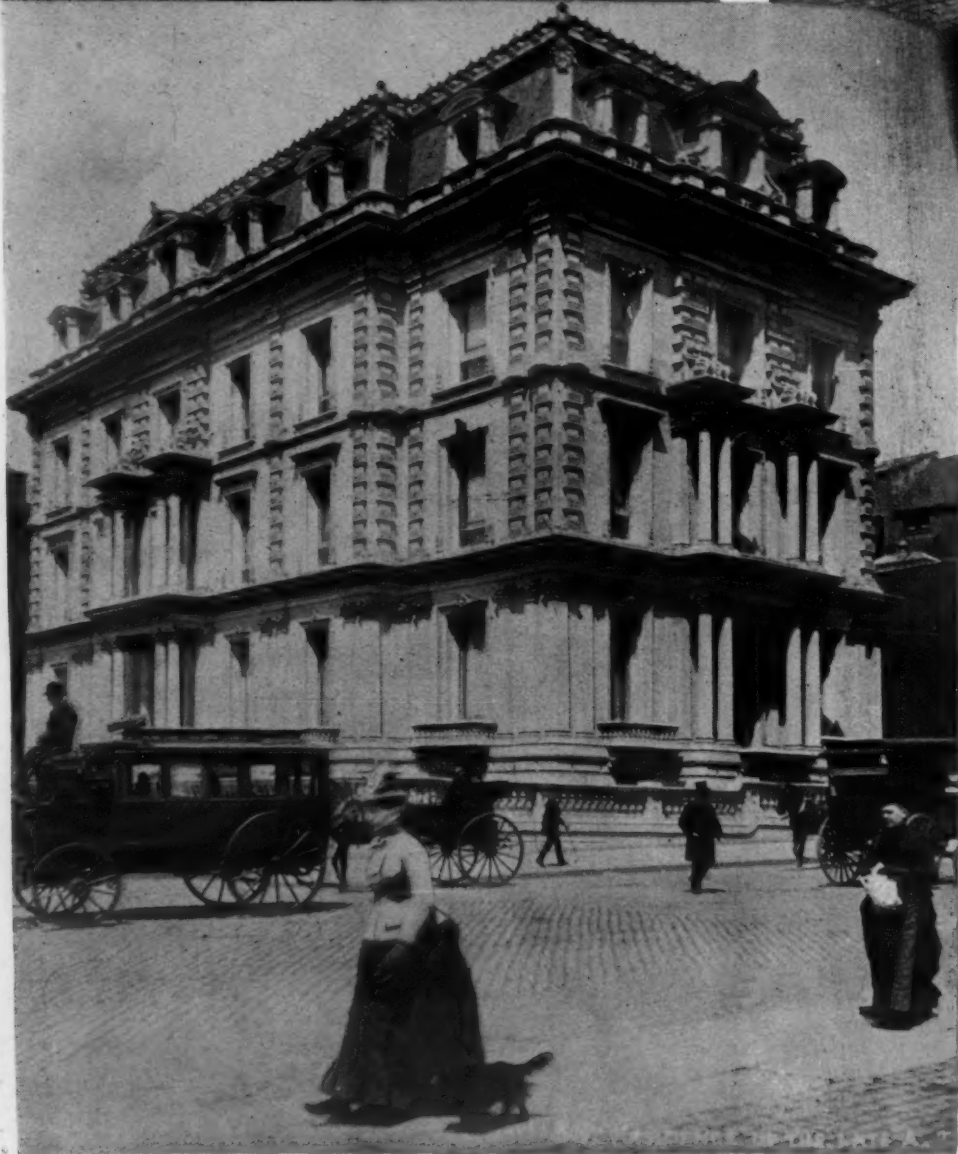


THE TABERNACLE, REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, PASTOR.

THE HOTEL WALDORF.—Copyrighted by J. S. Johnston.



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB



THE MANHATTAN CLUB.



THE TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.

NEW YORK LEADS THE WORLD IN HOTELS AND CLUBS, AND IN ITS AMUSEMENT PALACES.



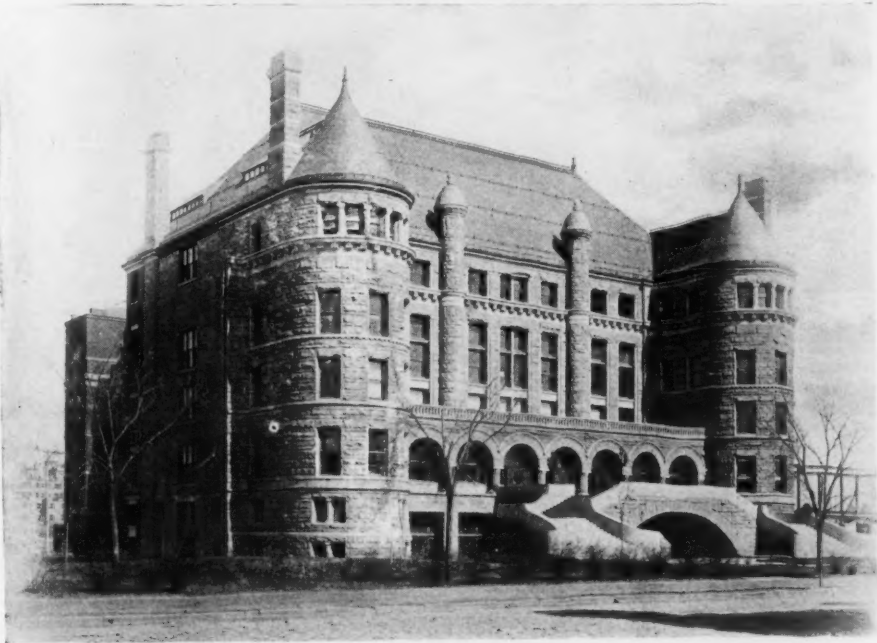
THE FIFTH AVENUE BANK, FORTY-THIRD STREET
AND FIFTH AVENUE.



THE TIFFANY MANSION.



THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY—MADISON SQUARE, BROADWAY AND FIFTH AVENUE.
Copyrighted by J. S. Johnston, New York.



THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.
United Charities Church Missions House. Calvary Church.
INSTITUTIONS OF CHARITY AND PHILANTHROPY, FOURTH AVENUE
AND TWENTY-SECOND STREET.

REPRESENTATIVE LOCALITIES OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

seventy-five feet on Broadway, but is twenty stories tall. Its tower is sixty feet higher than Trinity's steeple and twenty-eight feet higher than Madison Square Garden tower. It is beautifully proportioned and its effect on the people will be lasting. It is also interesting to know that the *Sun* has drawings and plans prepared for a building of seventy-five feet frontage on the site of its present building, which will contain thirty-two stories when erected. The panic of 1893 is said to have interfered with this project and caused its postponement. This building is to be a modification of the Egyptian obelisk in shape, and adorned with pillars and balconies near the top. A more beautiful design for a building is said by many good judges not yet to have been made. All this goes to show the tendencies of architecture in Greater New York.



THE DRY-DOCK, SOUTH BROOKLYN.

There are two buildings in New York City, however, which are simply perfect in their way, and ought to be the pride of the citizens. They are the City Hall and the Madison Square Garden. For years the hand of the Tammany spoilsman, the political contractor, has had a clutch on the City Hall to tear it down and put up some big thing in its place, where the game of "fat-frying" may be played, but the Legislature this year called a halt on this spoliation, and the probabilities are the City Hall will never be taken down. Madison Square Garden, with its lovely tower and its graceful Diana, is ever a feast to the eyes, and its symmetry, beautiful proportions and coloring make it foremost among the buildings of this country.

Then there has been a magnificent development in hotel buildings in New York. No city in the world has such palaces for hotels, and no city has a greater variety or extent of hotel accommodation. The growth of the apartment-house has also been wonderful. When the Dakota was finished, ten or a dozen years ago, it was the marvel of the country, but here comes the Majestic, which makes of the Dakota a thing of insignificance when compared as to size. These splendid new apartment-houses for the rich have sprung up faster than the office buildings, and they are so numerous that they may be counted by the scores if not by hundreds. They are practically family hotels, and it costs a small fortune a year to live in them.

As to the dwellings in New York and Brooklyn, it is pleasant to note that no longer are they presenting that dreary, monotonous brown-stone front that made the streets gloomy and repulsive until one got used to them. Of course there are the Vanderbilt houses on Fifth Avenue, and numerous homes of the rich on Madison Avenue, that were and are exceptions to the rule. The dwellings that are now going up on the Riverside drive and in the newer up-town cross streets are of the "model" kind, both in exterior and interior arrangements. New York is catching up with her sister cities in this respect also. Even the old brown-stone dwellings that once were thought handsome are changing fronts occasionally, and in time the metamorphosis will be of a permanent character.

I never go through one of these brown-stoned side streets in New York that I do not marvel at the wealth of the town. Forbidding as most of these dwellings are in appearance, stop and think what it costs to live in one. A moderate rent of the average house is from \$3,000 to \$6,000 a year. This means an income of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, if not more, for those who dwell in them. Here are these houses by the hundreds and thousands—yes, by the tens of thousands. What an enormous number of rich men and women there must be in New York! It is simply amazing. And yet they say that if the income tax is based on all incomes above \$4,000 it will affect only eighty-four thousand persons in the United States. If that is so it seems to me that one-half of them must live in New York City.

Brooklyn caught the brown-stone fever from New York early, but in the newer dwellings has grown completely away from it. The recent dwellings in Brooklyn are bright in color and of varied form. They still cling to one style, however, and this seems to me unfortunate. I must confess that I never can get used to eating my meals in the front basement, or climbing by a long flight of ugly steps to the second story of one's dwelling to get to one's reception or best room, known in this country invariably as the parlor. Then there is invariably a back-parlor, an ungainly, rectangular room, larger even than the front parlor, and practically of little use. The basement dining-room is usually the living-room, but those who can afford it generally make of the back-parlor a library or music room, and thus relieve the dwelling of its monotony. Occasionally there is a modification of the stairs in the house, and now and then one may come across a fine hall-room; but, as a rule, the interior of one Brooklyn house is exactly like the interior of another Brooklyn house of the same grade, and the carpets of one will fit the other. I sometimes think the architects and carpet dealers of Brooklyn must be in constant league in the production of these dwellings, and I long for the eman-

cipation from a set and unfortunate style of house building which, it seems to me, must come some day. If I were a capitalist I think I would build as an experiment some of those delightful dwellings such as are transforming Philadelphia. They are of light-colored brick and brown-stone trimmings, with windows and doors of the newest designs, and the interior arrangements so complete that one may eat his meals on the ground floor of his house and have the rest of the house a delight to the eye rather than a dreary monotony. I think there is a fortune in this for some man, and am so convinced of it that at any time I am willing to furnish the brains in such a venture if some other fellow will furnish the money.

As one gets out into the open spaces of Greater New York, however, the dwellings become all that could be desired. The

suburbs are sprinkled liberally with lovely homes, turn in what direction one may. There is room there, and there is good taste, too. I have always thought that the shape and crowded confines of Manhattan Island were responsible for the character of its dwellings, and that the surrounding cities and towns copied, as invariably is the case in other places, after the parent city. When Greater New York comes there will be room in plenty. Perhaps that will depopulate some of the moderate-priced flats, and perhaps it will also cause a transformation in dwelling-houses. If so, that may be one of the strongest reasons for the consolidation of these communities.

The People of Greater New York.



more of the attractive side of New York life than at any other time. There is a constant chatter, a pleasing vivacity on all sides, and a fascinating show of fashion. You forget that there

ARE interesting than the streets or buildings of a city are its people. In Greater New York they make the real show. The place to see the people at their best is in upper Broadway, and Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock, is the time. The matinees are out, and the street, from Twenty-third Street to Forty-second, is crowded. Beautiful women predominate, and as you elbow your way through the throng, unless you want to saunter along with the rest, you see



THE GREAT SUGAR REFINERIES, BROOKLYN.

are shop-windows at your side, you fail to notice the buildings or the traffic of the street. The people occupy your entire attention. To walk with this show, and to become part of it, is to forget that there is such a thing as hardship in the world, or that misery or poverty exist. There is no trace of anything here but prosperity and contentment. If you would see a happy world, taking no thought of to-morrow, and with its women clothed in finer raiment than Solomon wore, here is your opportunity. Apparently, this throng toils not, neither does it spin anything—unless it be the gossip of the day. It is a New York crowd, and its manners, its dress, its composite character fit its surroundings like the smooth and tightly-drawn glove on milady's hand. There seems to be no friction,

and the people are at their best here. It is a parade of fashion and of good form.

New York's daily crowds differ very little from the crowds of other American cities except in size and number. There is nothing like a crowd to display the temper of the people, and as one watches the every-day throngs of the metropolis he must become convinced that New-Yorkers are the most even-tempered people in the world. They complacently let their big policemen hustle them along, they ignore the elevated railroad guard's imperative order to "be lively," and they carefully avoid stepping on each other's toes and invariably look out for the women, taking them in their arms if necessary, to keep them from being crushed.

The daily Brooklyn Bridge crowd is the most interesting in Greater New York. For an hour every morning and every evening it becomes a crush. The people push and lift each other into the bridge cars in Brooklyn every morning from seven to eight o'clock, and every evening from 5:30 to 6:30 o'clock they lift and push each other into the same cars on the New York side. If the day be rainy, so that those who walk the bridge twice a day for exercise must take the cars, the crowd seems doubled. Its members move in a mass past the ticket-choppers so wedged together that it is impossible to raise even an arm. Up and along the narrow platform of the bridge they move as with one step, and when a car door opens they pour into it like a slow-moving stream of some solid substance reduced to a thick liquid. There are no individuals in that mass. It is the people crowded into a composite, homogeneous, plastic mixture. Individuals are mere molecules here. Drop five hundred of them out of sight at once and they wouldn't be missed. The gap would be filled with other molecules at once, and except for the big head-lines and columns of matter devoted to the circumstance in the newspapers the next morning few would be the wiser for it.

On the edges of this crowd the individuals race to join it, and then the slow, deliberate step begins, and all move along with the ease that a big steamship glides away from a wharf. I never see the rainy-day crowd of the bridge that I do not think of that description of it sent home by a German traveler to one of the leading newspapers in the Fatherland. He was talking about the rush and feverish haste to get into this enormous crowd, and he said:

"Hurry! Run! Get into the cars quick, for if you don't you'll have to wait thirty seconds for another train. Therefore, make haste! Make haste!"

That describes a New York crowd. You see it every morning and every night, not only on the bridge but on scores of ferry-boats that bring and take the people to and from the town by the tens of thousands, and at a half-dozen railroad stations.

Once a year an intensely interesting crowd gathers in Printing House Square and in upper Broadway, where the up-town newspaper offices are. It is on election night. There is where you see that rare person, the "average citizen." Bulletins and pictures flash on the big screens, and cheers and laughter are constant. The street-cars go through narrow lanes, but for hours and hours the people, patient and orderly, stand there. If you want to see what 25,000 Americans, the real people, look like, and if you desire to observe their characteristics, go to one of the newspaper offices on some election night and look out on the throng from a window. It is a rare sight, a veritable "sea of humanity"; and when you get tired and go home I'm sure you won't be sorry you're an American.

Then there are special or extraordinary crowds occasionally in New York, such as a Grant funeral, a centennial observance, or an international demonstration calls out. A vivid illustration of the vast number of the people in New York was given by one reporter last year at the time of the great naval parade in the Hudson River in honor of Columbus. He estimated that there were from one million to one million and a half of persons strung along the river front on piers and buildings and in the streets. It was enough, he said, to tip Manhattan Island half over, but the crowds on the streets were not noticeably

lessened. Business on the streets went on as usual. Where the people along the river came from and went to was a mystery. It revealed the real extent of the population of this community.

One of the most attractive sights of the people out of doors is to be seen on Saturday afternoons in the parks. In Central and Prospect parks you will see acres and acres of girls, with an occasional young man to assist, playing tennis. It is a pretty picture. You can stand on an adjacent knoll in Prospect Park, and if you don't watch out your head will soon be in a whirl. Little balls by the hundred are flying over the white nets. The rustle of gowns comes to your ears, the color and swaying of jauntily-clad forms greet your eyes, and the laughter and calls from one to another make music for you. In Central



NEW YORK HARBOR CAN FLOAT THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

Park the scene is duplicated, but on a smaller scale. There isn't so much room there for tennis as in Prospect Park.

Then there are the crowds at the base-ball and racing exhibitions, the seashore crowds at night, the Christmas shopping crowds—all interesting, for they reveal the true nature of the people, their earnestness, their frivolities, their temper, their pleasures, and, above all, their interest in matters of public affairs. Great are the people of Greater New York.

business for 1893. It reached the amazing figures of \$31,361,037,730.42. These figures may mean very little or very much. It is said that no man can comprehend truly a million of anything. I have always doubted that, when the million consisted of dollars, but when the figures reach the billion mark I am willing to concede that any adequate conception of the sum, outside of mathematical formulae, is quite beyond the scope of human intellect. Yet here is the clearing-house doing a business of thirty-one billions. It represents only part of the combined banking business of this great community.

Look at some savings banks figures. Mr. Blaine was always fond of talking about this kind of figures as showing the real prosperity of the country. On January 1st, 1894, the reports show that in New York City there was due depositors, \$334,000,000; in Brooklyn, \$103,000,000. The total in the Greater New York territory was about \$500,000,000. In New York for the year 1893, which was one of great hardship, the deposits in savings banks amounted to \$86,000,000, and the withdrawals

bushels of wheat at an average price of seventy-three cents a bushel. This item alone, it will be seen, amounted to three-quarters of a billion dollars. Then there was flour, corn, oats, lard and half-a-dozen other commodities dealt in.

The transactions of the Stock Exchange for the year 1893 were as follows: Stock shares sold, 77,984,965; state and railroad bonds, 299,372,327; government bonds, 2,021,450. These figures were one-third less in volume than those of the year before. The average price per share was about sixty-five dollars. In round numbers these transactions are equal to \$25,000,000,000—again in the billions, you see. The Consolidated Stock and Petroleum Exchange sold also 59,024,650 shares of stock, besides pipe-line certificates equal to 11,048,000 barrels of oil. It also sold 103,670,000 bushels of wheat. Add another five billions for these transactions, and you see what the stock and bond business in New York amounts to as indicated in the exchanges.

Then there are the Cotton Exchange transactions. The year there ends on August 31st. Last year there were sold for cash outright there 333,756 bales of cotton, amounting to about \$13,000,000, and 53,000,200 bales for future delivery. The Coffee Exchange sold 7,911,500 bags of coffee, or 1,055,964,000 pounds, at an average price of fifteen cents a pound, a total of \$158,394,600.

Coal experts estimate that Brooklyn and New York use about 6,000,000 tons of anthracite coal a year, and of this amount about 3,800,000 tons is consumed in New York. It is proved almost to a thousand tons that Brooklyn alone used last year 1,400,000 tons in dwellings. Think of that. It costs Brooklyn \$7,000,000 a year to keep warm and do its cooking. New York disposes of about 2,500,000 tons of bituminous coal a year. Some of it is consumed in town, but not much since the health authorities got after the black-smoke fiends. Steamship companies are the best consumers for this grade of fuel, and several transatlantic companies consume 100,000 tons each a year. Fortunately for New-Yorkers most of this is burned at sea.

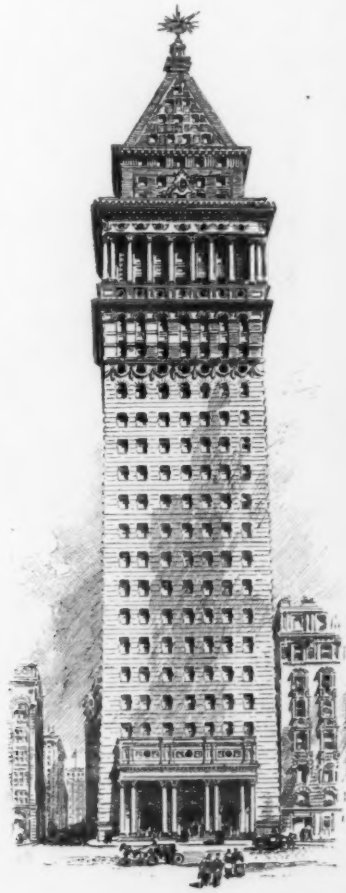
I find by the New York Railroad Commissioners' report that



KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY—DOWN-TOWN OFFICE.



KNICKERBOCKER TRUST COMPANY—UP-TOWN OFFICE.



THE PROJECTED "SUN" BUILDING.

Business Life and Results in Greater New York.



NO article on Greater New York would be complete without giving some facts as to the enormous business done there, or, at least, some indication of it. Business men have a habit of looking at the figures of bank clearings as a gauge to prosperity. To the ordinary citizen they are chiefly interesting because of their bulk. Take the clearing-house

\$104,000,000. In Kings County the deposits were \$32,000,000, and the withdrawals \$39,000,000. The number of depositors in New York City was 808,000; in Kings County, 276,000. This shows the financial strength of the "plain people."

Consider now the extent of the business of some of the exchanges. The Produce Exchange compiles its statistics for each year on May 1st, but at the writing of this article the figures up to May 1st of this year had not been tabulated, and therefore we must take the figures ending May 1st, 1893. The estimated value of the transactions for one year ending in 1893 reached \$400,000,000. They included the sale of 1,052,465,000

the elevated railroads of New York and Brooklyn carried for the year ending June 30th, 1893, 278,000,000 passengers, for which the people paid in five-cent pieces or other change \$13,916,208. The passengers carried on the surface street railroads are not tabulated, but I have estimated it by grouping the reports from various companies as follows: Roads operated by mechanical traction in the Greater New York territory—passengers carried, 184,000,000; earnings, \$9,200,000; roads operated by animal power, passengers carried, 150,000,000; earnings, \$7,500,000. This makes a total for the railroad traffic strictly inside of Greater New York: Passengers carried, 612,000,000; earnings, \$30,616,208. These figures show nothing of the steam surface-railroad traffic inside the territory, but they do indicate something of the bustle that goes on in the streets.

Then there are scores of other grades of business that might be interesting to some but wearisome to others, and therefore I shall close with what are to me more interesting than any others, showing the extent of the manufactures. According to the census of 1890 the manufactures of New York amounted to \$420,238,602, and those of Brooklyn \$125,849,052, a total of \$546,087,654. There were 351,757 hands employed in New York and 103,083 in Brooklyn, a total of 455,440 in the two cities. The wages paid in New York were \$228,537,295, and in Brooklyn \$61,975,702. The value of the products in both places was \$1,012,584,107, and an expert in statistics has estimated that 1,300,000 persons in the two cities were dependent on the manufacturing establishments for support.

This shows what the mighty arm of labor is, but



NORTH RIVER AND THE BATTERY.



THE COTTON EXCHANGE.



Post-Office. Staats-Zeitung.

Times Building. World Building. Potter Building.
PARK ROW.

Trinity Church.

American Surety Building. Manhattan Life Ins.

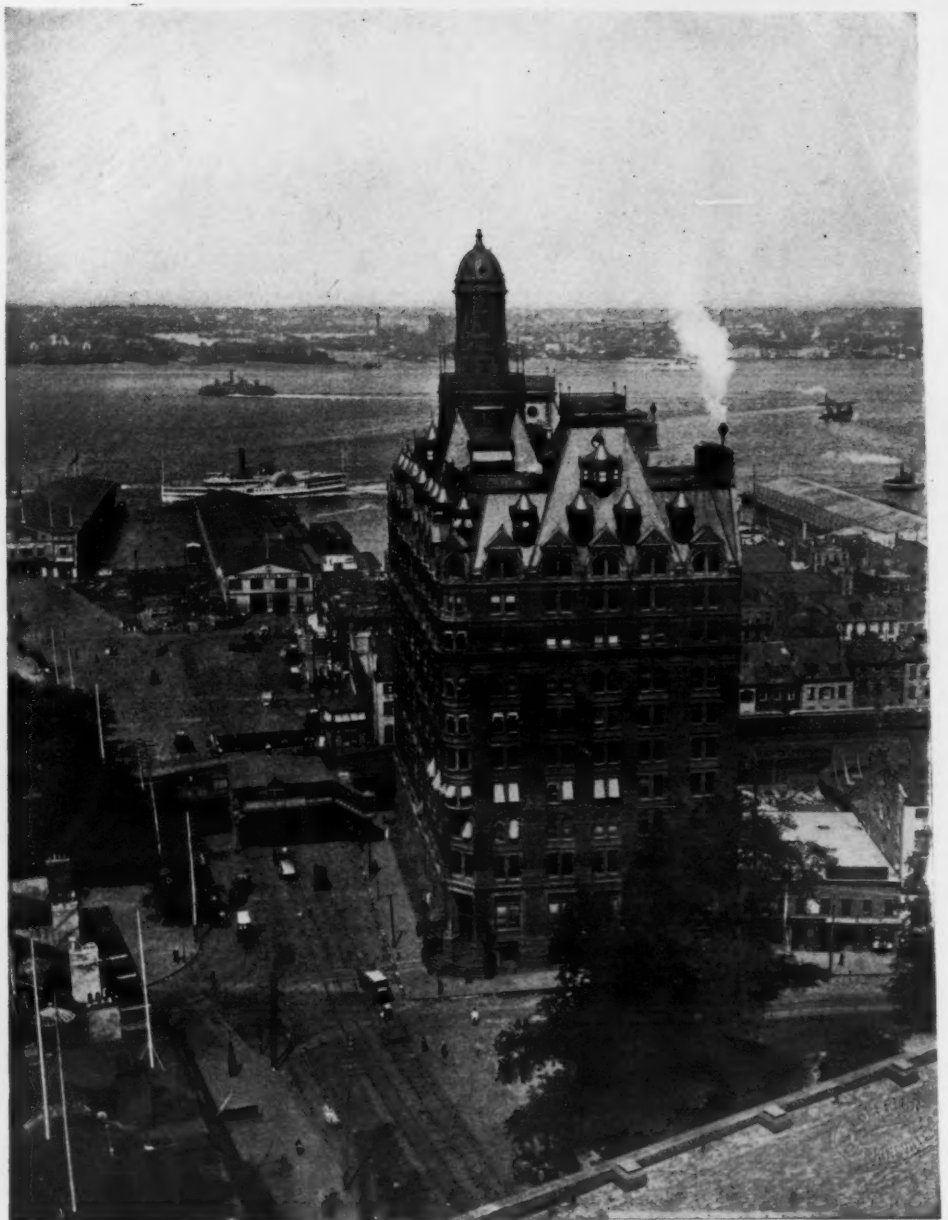


HOW LOWER BROADWAY WILL LOOK WHEN STRUCTURES NOW
CHARACTERISTIC GLIMPSES OF NEW YORK

Building. Manhattan Life Insurance Building.



THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE. THE ARMY AND NAVY BUILDING.

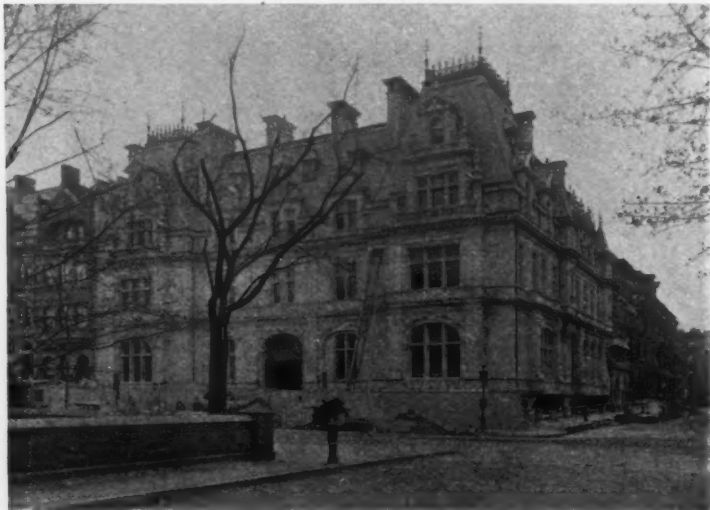


THE WASHINGTON BUILDING AND NORTH RIVER.

N STRUCTURES NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION ARE COMPLETED.
ES OF NEW YORK'S COMMERCIAL CENTRE.

when we consider that the total imports to the whole United States for the year 1893 amounted, according to our expert, to only \$861,400,000 we can get a better light on these figures. According to the expert, E. P. Miller, whose figures I am using in connection with the manufactures, the value of the manual labor product of New York and Brooklyn for 1893 amounted to probably \$200,000,000, more than the entire imports of the United States. Greater New York emphatically is the home of the working-man.

Such is the story of Greater New York, but really only in part. It does not include, and cannot include, that part of Greater New York which lies in New Jersey. A million in population of this community live there, at a low estimate. New Jersey will never let them go. They add to her dignity and importance. It is exerted through Greater New York, nevertheless, and probably always will be.



THE JOHN JACOB ASTOR MANSION, FIFTH AVENUE.



THE NAVARRO FLATS, CENTRAL PARK.

The Social Life.



IN an immense community like that dwelling within the confines of the Greater New York the social life is very varied and complex, though society itself—not that small and circumscribed society we read about in the daily newspapers—when looked at in any comprehensive way, is very like a chain joined at both ends as is a bracelet. The links are connected the one with the other, and if one of them should be broken there would no longer be a perfect chain, a complete society. The thoughtless idlers who are active in the gayeties and festivities of Murray Hill and the heights of Brooklyn, and the dissatisfied idlers in less handsome quarters who quarrel with their lot because work is distasteful to them, are alike in their ignorance of the close connection that binds all the men and women of a community together. But these two classes, though each forms a link in the chain, and though those links in the bracelet come precious near to touching, are only links, and of no more importance than any of the others. It would be interesting, in treating of the interior life of a great community like this, to dwell upon each class, describe each link in the

chain, but to do this a book would have to be written. In this article we have only the space to touch briefly here and there, producing at the best only an outline sketch instead of a finished picture.

The church congregations and the religious societies are socially of more and larger importance than any of the other factors, for within them all classes are represented, and, in theory at least, all meet and mingle on a common level. In the Greater New York pretty nearly every sect known in Christendom is represented, and these representations range all the way from hundreds of church congregations to a single small group. Brooklyn has long been known as the City of Churches. This reputation was gained in two ways. In the first place, Brooklyn has always had one or more clergymen of world-wide reputation, men known for their piety, character, and great eloquence, and these drew to their churches very many strangers and residents from the Manhattan side of the river. With sensational preachers Brooklyn has also been well supplied, and their noisy irreverence has proved attractive to thousands. But Brooklyn has always been more exclusively a city of homes than any other town in the country, and where homes are, naturally there are churches also. We have not before us the statistics to show how nearly the seating capacities of the churches in Brooklyn and New York could accommodate the whole people if all should choose to go at the same hour. Under such circumstances the churches would prove pitifully inadequate, and this fact is proven every Easter Sunday. But the seats are much more than sufficient for those who ordinarily go. The social influence of the churches, however, is not exerted in its strongest way in the regular services, but in the various kinds of work done by the congregations. This work is mainly missionary and charitable, and is done quietly and effectively. If it were not for the missionary work of the churches there are very many families that would never have an opportunity

to connect themselves with religious societies, and their children would grow up without the advantage of any kind of religious instruction, indeed without religious opportunity. But as it is, all who meet the missionary workers of the churches even half-way can now have these advantages, in some measure at least, freely and cheerfully given to them. The missionary and charitable work is done largely in conjunction, and the amount of distress that is relieved within the congregations and without is very large, while the method of doing it is so unostentatious that the charities are not often heard of beyond the small circles directly interested. We sometimes see estimates of the money expended in a hard season in relieving the poor in the Greater New York. These estimates are not valuable, for there is no way of getting at the reports of these various church committees. This kind of work tends to knit the members of society very closely together in the bonds of brotherhood, and no skeptic with even small knowledge of the facts will ever scoff at church work, however he may disapprove of the purely ecclesiastical doctrines that are preached from the church pulpits.

And then, again, each congregation forms in itself a strong social circle in which not only acquaintances are made but friendships formed. A family moving into any of the neighborhoods of the Greater New York can discover no easier or surer way of making friends than by uniting with one of the churches. The clergyman and the clergyman's best assistants, the good women of his flock, will see that those who want an opportunity get their desire. A visitor from a small place, where every one knows every one else, going about the great metropolis gets sick at heart and exclaims, "Oh, the loneliness of it!" But it is not lonely in the least, but quite the contrary. There is social work and social recreation in abundance for all who would not be lonely, and the open church door is the way to go when one would find them. The splendid church edifices that are now rapidly replacing the barn-like structures of an earlier time give outward expression to the strength and zeal of the men and women in the various congregations. But the social work really occupies more time and is nearer the hearts of these good people than anything else, for without it the imposing piles are devoid of sacred character, and the profession of faith is cold, bare, and meaningless. The real brotherhood of man, one in virtue, one in immortal aspiration, is what all the churches are striving for.



AFTER the churches the strongest social influence in the Greater New York is exerted by the public schools and the other educational institutions. The public schools in neither of the cities that will be embraced in the great metropolis are as good as they should be. They will doubtless be greatly improved by that stronger civic feeling that is sure to result from the union. But as they are as good as in many other places, and even at present they afford facilities for a really studious boy or girl to

acquire all the learning that boys and girls are capable of accommodating. These public schools are supplemented by thousands of private institutions, not to mention Columbia College and the University of New York. In medicine, in law, in theology, and several other professions, the educational facilities are unsurpassed, while the opportunities to study art are better in New York and Brooklyn than anywhere away from Paris. No social ties are stronger than those formed at school and college, and the youngsters there nine times out of ten find their proper level without the slightest difficulty. In youth we may not be very critical, but there are a few cardinal virtues that are rigorously insisted on. The sneak, the liar, the coward, the thief—these are despised, as they deserve to be, and the youngster who shows such tendencies at school is promptly sent to Coventry, and, if fruits meet for repentance are not quickly shown, in that shady land he dwells so long as he lives. This seems hard, and maybe it is, but it is the way of the world, and the way, too, in a great place like New York, for all its size, its shifting population, its large drafts from the outside, and the absorption of the people in the busy commercial battles that engage their time. An ill repute adheres with as much tenacity in the great city as it does in the village, and when this begins on the benches of a public school, or in the class-room of a college, there is little hope that it will be forgotten, though it may be forgiven. A

The Hotel Majestic.

Webster Statue.

Dakota Flats.



A GLIMPSE OF CENTRAL PARK WEST.



THE CHURCH PARADE, FIFTH AVENUE, SUNDAY MORNING.

person who knows the society of New York and the neighboring cities only from reading the daily newspapers would be inclined to doubt this statement, and to say that the metropolitan district was a very hot-bed of crime. But the newspapers do not report the doings of society; instead of that they report the catastrophes, the crimes, the scandals, and the sensational happenings in two very limited circles—the fashionable circle and the criminal circle. The good people, the quiet people who go their ways, without pretense or arrogance—these form the great bulk of metropolitan society, and the schools are a very great influence in bringing and binding together the youngsters who in a year or so will be the active men and women in this society.

And these persons constitute more than nine-tenths of the population of the Greater New York. The vicious and the idle are really small in numbers, and with the improvement of the public schools to such a point when every boy and every girl that chooses may be practically instructed in a trade, we may expect that the proportion of these classes to the total population will be less than it is now. The church influence and the school influence are closely allied, and as links in the social chain they are welded fast together.



HE gregariousness of man in its various manifestations would make a most interesting study. We owe our cities to this quality in man, and when cities become large this same quality has contributed to the formation of the innumerable clubs into which society hereabouts is divided. When we speak of the clubs of New York or Brooklyn the names of some half-dozen prominent social organizations occur to the mind, such as the Union, the University, the Union League, the Metropolitan, the Century, and so on. These are great clubs, each with its thousand members or so, and club life, as depicted in the novels and told about in the newspapers, may be seen there as it is not seen in the smaller organizations less known to fame. But these small organizations are very powerful social factors, and what is more, in nine cases out of ten they are factors for good. We hear men, and women, too,

speak in deprecation of clubs, as though they were demoralizing in their tendency. But this is mere ignorance. When a man goes into any decent club he is under a very wholesome restraint and must conduct himself with both consideration and propriety. If he does not he is sent to Coventry, and club Coventry must be one of the most disagreeable places a man ever got into. Further than this, it carries a social penalty, so large that it can never be paid. In addition to the clubs of the class above alluded to, each profession, each special kind of business, the political organizations, the tradesmen, and even the churches, have clubs. The lawyers have many clubs; the doctors have many; the insurance agents and insurance company officers have their clubs; the merchants, the grocers, the racing men, the artists, the literary men, all have their clubs, and all of these are mainly social organizations. And the women—well, the women have more clubs than an active and energetic man could shake a stick at in a week. But the women's clubs differ from the men's in one regard very radically. They always have some ulterior object as their motive, and are not formed for the mere pleasure of frolicking. In the end they accomplish about the same purpose, and recently some of the newer men's clubs permit ladies to enjoy the privileges of their dining-rooms. Others only admit them to the club-houses on rare special occasions. Then there are the neighborhood clubs, and the membership of these, in the aggregate, is larger than the more ambitious organizations that go in for a club-house and a bonded debt. For these, two or three rooms generally suffice, and at them the clerk, the artisan, the small tradesman, and other respectable folk gather in the evening to talk, to read the newspapers, to play billiards or cards, or engage in whatever amusement there are facilities for. The very great majority of these clubs are entirely moral in their tendency. When they go the other way, and the members indulge in excesses, the clubs are sure to break up.

A superficial observer of club life in great cities like New York and Brooklyn would be apt to ask whether these men

would not be much better off at home. Maybe some of them would be, but the great majority of those who habitually frequent clubs have no homes worthy of the name. A boarding-house is not a home; the cheerless rooms of a lone bachelor are not a home, and even the bric-à-brac-strewn and rug-covered parlor of a flat or an apartment is a mighty poor apology for a home. And these clubs furnish to the homeless the cheerful comfort that every man craves.



IN the cities that will be included in the Greater New York there are so many liquor-saloons that one cannot help wondering, before an examination of the subject be made, how they can all be profitably conducted. On the main thoroughfares they are numerous enough, but on the subsidiary thoroughfares they occupy nearly all the most desirable sites. It is not infrequently the case, on Third Avenue in New York, for instance, for the four corners of a street intersection to be occupied by bar-rooms, while on each connecting block there will be two or three more. And these are all prosperous looking places. Now the liquor-saloons have a very vast social influence in a great city—an influence that is more frequently than not disintegrating in its tendency, but sometimes also harmless, if not exactly beneficial. We have spoken of man's disposition to flock with other men, and how the clubs afford the members of them this opportunity. But the very great majority of the men, notwithstanding the number and the great variety of clubs, are not club members, and for them the bar-rooms are the most cheerful, the most comfortable, and the most convenient meeting-places. These might be said to be the people's clubs, and it is a pity that it should be so, for in the atmosphere of conviviality that pervades such places a frequenter is much more

apt than not to drink more than is good for him, and also to spend more money than he can afford. Here is where the disintegrating influence is exerted. The frequenters of bar-rooms are not all drunkards; indeed, the drunkards—incapables from excess—are much in the minority. But they are bad places in the main, and there are far too many of them. There is a worse side of the bar-room that is only known to the frequenter and the careful observer. In nine out of ten of them private rooms are provided for women, and in these places women gather, not for conviviality in any mild and comparatively innocent form, but for the purpose of getting drunk. Each of these places also has a "family entrance," where children and servants can get pitchers of beer or bottles of liquor to take home. These two features of the bar-rooms are menaces to the home, and in the social life of the great town they are the sorest spots that can be mentioned with propriety. Some of the more advanced and progressive clergymen have observed the bar-room influence and its bad tendency, and have formulated various schemes to regulate the business by law, or to counteract the influence by establishing similar places from which all the bad features shall have been eliminated. In whichever direction these propositions have looked, they have been bitterly opposed—the liquor-saloon keepers not liking to be regulated by any stringent laws, and the old-fashioned among the clergy not favoring the idea of "going into the liquor business." Meantime the liquor-saloons prosper mightily and increase in numbers—the proprietors gathering good profits when all ordinary business languishes.

Now turn we to a more pleasant and more grateful side of the social life. Young people cherish the idea that society means that we should eat, dance and be merry, and to some this idea prevails to the end. But except for a few there is precious little dancing in this world. The young people of affluence who do not look forward to lives of labor and toil think of the time when the school-days are over as a glorious



THE METROPOLITAN CLUB, FIFTH AVENUE.

New Netherland.

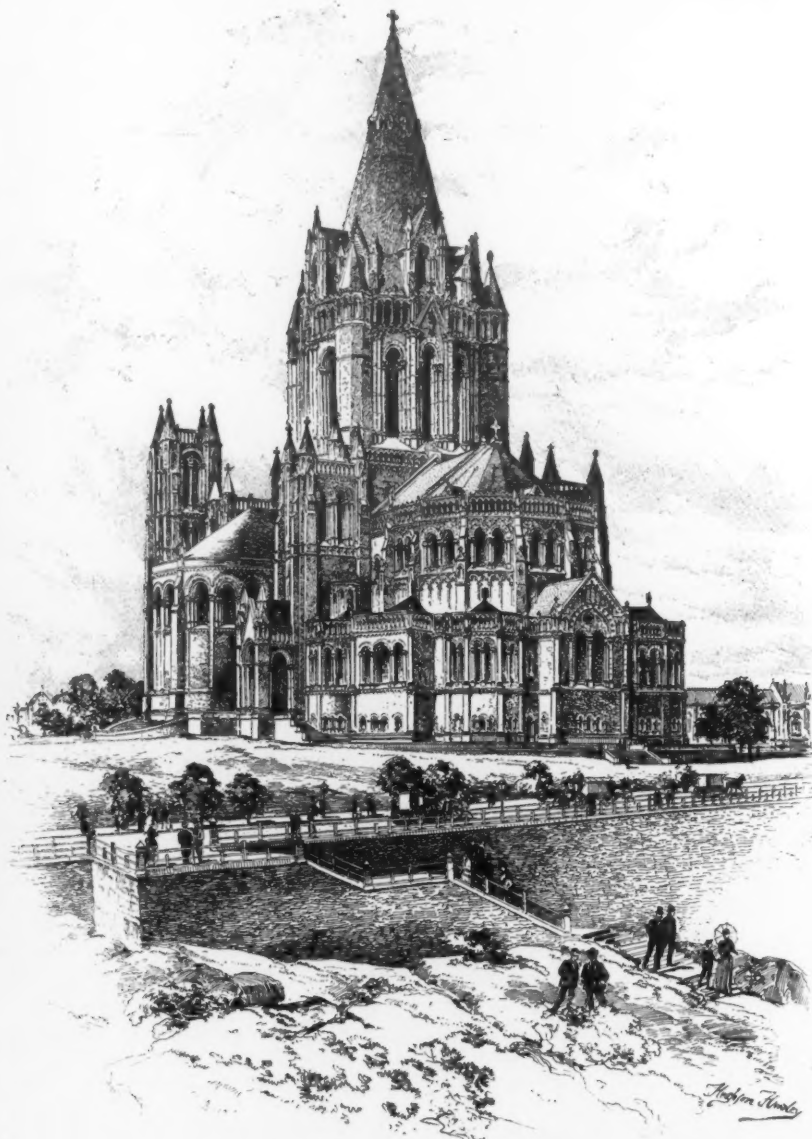
Arion Club.

Savoy.

Plaza.



THE NEW HOTEL DISTRICT AT FIFTH AVENUE AND CENTRAL PARK.



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, MORNINGSIDE PARK.



A SPRING AFTERNOON ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

BITS OF UP-TOWN NEW YORK, NOW BECOMING THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PART OF THE METROPOLIS.

A BOX AT THE OPERA.



EIGHTH REGIMENT ARMORY.



THE MADISON SQUARE ROOF-GARDEN.



THE COUNTRY CLUB AT PELHAM PARK.

IN THE VARIETY AND CHARACTER OF ITS AMUSEMENTS NEW YORK IS UNEXCELLED

period when they shall be introduced to society. After this introduction they say that they are in society. Why, bless their innocent hearts, they have always been in society. There is a trifle less formality in the other and less fashionable circles in this matter of introductions to society, and when we reach the merry gatherings where the shop-girls and factory-workers take their pleasures the formalities are understood rather than expressed, and it is held that when a girl is big enough she is old enough to have as many beaux as she pleases. Dancing takes up a good deal of time, for the private and public balls, the dancing classes and clubs, are very numerous indeed. There is an idea that the Charity Ball is the culmination of social gaiety every year. Fashionable people scoff at this idea, because fashion is represented at these balls by a very small contingent, but, as has been said before, the smart fashionable set of society is a very small social factor after all, and the Charity Ball may be an occurrence—the smart set would call it a function—of more importance than they dream of.



THE foreign elements in the Greater New York are very great, and for certain social purposes each nationality keeps together. The main purpose of these bonds of union is charitable, but there is hardly a foreign charitable society that does not celebrate itself with a ball every year. The Germans are specially fond of social gaiety,

and their balls, great and small, are very frequent every year, and in the summer they keep up the merriment with picnics. No working people in the United States appear to get so much merriment out of life as the Germans, and they do not, as is the custom of some others, give up all of this to the very young, as the men and women of middle age know quite as well how to enjoy themselves as their children. At the balls in the winter or the picnics in the summer one could, by making a careful selection, visit, in a certain sense, several of the countries of Europe, for he could see Old-World customs and Old-World manners, not imitated but preserved. But into this life a stranger is not ordinarily taken without careful scrutiny. If there be no doubt of his respectability the French and the Germans are both as hospitable as can be. The Irish have mingled more with other people, but they still make St. Patrick's Day one of great social festivity. These festivities might be called the flower of the social life, and those who only gather the flowers in this world may by some be considered to be especially happy. But there is one thing very certain, that those who gather only the flowers have really never lived. To live we must suffer as well as enjoy; each, suffering and enjoyment, teaches what the other means. In the Greater New York, more than any other place in America—more than any other place in the world, perhaps—is life to be found in its greatest variety, and the man or woman with social capacity and genius can find in it more opportunities both for useful employment and interesting amusement than it is possible to take advantage of.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

The Greater New York Woman.

By Mary B. Mullett.



PEOPLE have a way of talking glibly about "the New York woman." It seems as easy for them to reduce the feminine population to a type as it would be to look over a florist's stock and pick out a rose or a violet.

As a matter of fact, the women of New York are divided into so many classes, differing so widely one from another, that it is impossible to set up any one conception of a woman and say that she is a type of them

all. There is really but one characteristic common to almost every woman who has lived in New York a twelvemonth or more. That is a certain pride, a certain self-confidence which seems to be the inalienable possession of the dwellers in Gotham. It is this trait in the society woman which makes people say of her that she is "always equal to circumstances." It makes the Grand Street girl say of herself that you can't "phase" her. It all amounts to the same thing.

There is a fascination about New York. It isn't frantic, like that which Pooh-Bah attributed to Katisha. It is subtle, insidious, universal. A well-known literary woman, during her winter in New York, said that the city had no "atmosphere," that she didn't like it and wished she were back in the quaint country she had left. She is quite alone here, and is apparently free to come and go as she pleases, but—she does not go. If she is not a confirmed New-Yorker now, she soon will be.

It is true that this local complacency is the only really typical trait, but it is also true that when you speak of "the New York woman" you call up in every one's mind a certain image, and these images are, in the main, identical. Given a mild May afternoon, Saturday preferred, with certain sections of Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and the least receptive of minds will assimilate the panorama and retain a picture which will be recognized everywhere as "the New York woman."

In the first place, she has an air. You can no more explain its composition than you can analyze a delicate bit of humor, but it is there, nevertheless. And she is tall. It depends pretty much on your own stature whether you call her height godly or ungodly. She has a clear, bright complexion born of sunshine and a freshening breeze; while as for her raiment, it would make angels weep—with envy. She holds her head high, walks freely, talks gayly, and bears herself with unruffled serenity under the most open scrutiny.

This type is more nearly representative of society women than of any other class. The more one learns of the fashionable women of New York, the more one is moved to admiration and envy. There is scarcely a well-known woman of fashion whose name does not figure in half-a-dozen charities. She is

the constant dependence of the parlor lecturer and the young musician. It is the society women of New York who have popularized the physical development of women. They have set the fashion in out-of-door sports. In short, the much maligned society woman seems to have been a pretty important factor in the moral, mental, and physical well-being not only of her own circle, but of other women as well. Such names as those of Mrs. Elliott Shepard, Mrs. Richard Irwin, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, and a score of others, are too well known, both in society and in various philanthropic movements, to permit the wholesale branding of fashionable women as selfish and frivolous. As a class, they may perhaps seem the least interesting of the different feminine varieties in the *socia fauna* (or would you call it *flora*?) of the city, but they are by no means the least admirable. Possibly they lack eccentricity and originality, which are rather necessary to make people interesting, and which are generally eliminated in society. However, a touch of the picturesque has been given by the Vaudeville Club, by such hostesses as Miss Callender and Miss De Forest, who have a sort of Americanized *salon* in the Tiffany apartment house, and by the fads and freaks which give society a safety-valve against its superlative conventionality.

But in Bohemia it is not so. Over the gates of this country is written, "All conventionality abandon, ye who enter here." Bohemia used to be frequented by about ten men to one

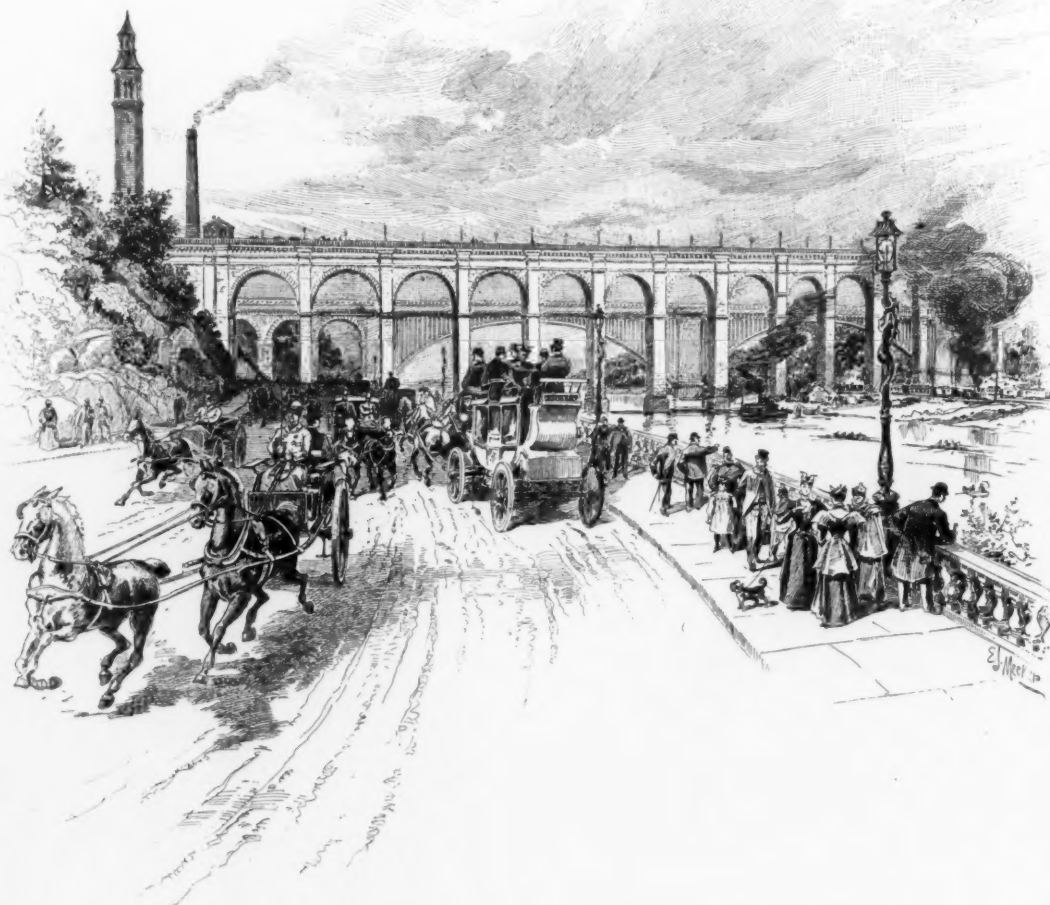
true, and yet careful enough to want a sort of general chaperonage such as the Bohemian wives always supply. While there is no such thing as a great *salon* in America, many of the wives of artists and literary men in New York have certain evenings when there is sure to be company and conversation the most interesting. Mrs. Carroll Beckwith, Mrs. E. D. Blashfield, Mrs. J. Wells Champney, and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder are among the women whose evenings have gained a reputation.



THE club-woman of New York bids fair to become as recognized a type as the club-man. Of course, however, the two types are widely remote in their characteristics, for most of the women's clubs have a decidedly utilitarian aspect somewhat veiled by insubstantial luncheons and teas, while men's clubs are avowedly means for driving

ing dull care away.

The women's clubs of New York are legion, but the most famous of them all is undoubtedly Sorosis. There be people who smile at Sorosis and well-nigh point the finger of scorn at



THE HARLEM RIVER SPEEDWAY.

woman, and that one not a resident of any other country, except perhaps stageland. Good and cultured women were left behind, along with the taboos of conventionality from which they were supposed to be inseparable.

But of late years Bohemia has received large numbers of feminine immigrants. Some of them have joined their husbands there. Others have come in with a pen or a palette as passport. Others have come, as they would go South for the winter, simply because they like the climate. Women artists, writers, journalists and students have swelled the population of Bohemia in this city. These are the most interesting members of the girl bachelor class. They live in studios or congregate in apartment-houses where they split up some of the flats between them or combine to fill others. A real Bohemian does not rest easily in a boarding-house.

If one of them asks you up of an evening and says she is going to have "some people in," let nothing short of sudden death or a mortal sickness keep you away. You will be entertained. The "people" will keep dropping in after the most irregular fashion until perhaps eleven o'clock, when the chafing-dish will also make its appearance. Meantime you will have ruined your reputation for polite indifference by asking some one privately at each arrival, "What does she do?" or "Who is he?" Nine times out of ten you will get a satisfactory answer. That is, you will be told that she writes those clever things in so-and-so, or that his picture took the prize at such and such an exhibition. They talk a good deal of shop over their Welsh rarebit, but they are witty, full of interesting experiences, and above all original.

You will often find them dining at the French restaurants near Washington Square, but not so often as you will find the Bohemian wives. The Bohemian wives are as distinct a class as were the Roman matrons, for example. It is they who have diffused the air of respectability which has possibly somewhat rarified the atmosphere, but which has made it more favorable to the girl bachelors who are independent, it is

it, but this is ill-judged of them. Sorosis, it must be admitted, does not demand genius as one of the requisites for membership. It generally drops its white ball into the box and says, indulgently: "Oh, yes; let her come in!" to any one who is proposed. It was in a spasm of revolt against this wholesale welcome that Lotta was blackballed a year ago. A certain number of women, who felt that Sorosis was growing too rapidly, agreed beforehand to blackball any one whose name was offered, and Lotta happened to be the first one.

But, although among the three hundred members of Sorosis there are a good many who do not exactly pay for their intellectual board and lodging, the club itself, because of its history and its methods, fully deserves the regard in which it is held. It was organized twenty-six years ago by Mrs. Jennie June Croly with a mere handful of members. It was laughed at right heartily, and not always good-humoredly, but it thrived and grew until at the last annual breakfast, in March, it numbered almost three hundred members, including some of the brightest women in New York. Mrs. Jennie de la M. Lozier was the president for the three years ending in March, and was succeeded by Mrs. William Tod Helmuth. Following the suggestion of the name, Sorosis might be called the elder sister of most of the women's clubs of the country. It has various committees, such as those on literature, art, education, the stage, and philanthropy. There is a monthly social meeting at Sherry's, with luncheon, followed by papers and a discussion; also a business meeting two weeks after each social meeting. Nothing is ever decided in Sorosis. That is, no vote is ever taken on the subject under discussion. The club is liberal, and prides itself on the number of famous women from all parts of the world whom it has entertained.

The Meridian Club is, in some ways, quite the antithesis of Sorosis. Its membership is limited to thirty, and it abhors newspaper reports or publicity of any sort. It includes such women as Marion Harland, Kate Upson Clark, Margaret Sangster, and Olive Thorne Miller. It has a monthly meeting



THE WASHINGTON ARCH, NORTH WASHINGTON SQUARE AND FIFTH AVENUE.

at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where it lunches, and has a paper and discussion afterward.

The Professional Woman's League was organized a year and a half ago by Mrs. A. M. Palmer. It now has about three hundred members. While it was intended, as its name implies, for women engaged in the various professions, it has a membership very largely drawn from dramatic ranks. There are many well-known women among its members. "Aunt Louisa" Eldredge is one of the vice-presidents; so are Lotta and Kate Field and Mrs. Frank Leslie and Minnie Maddern Fiske. The league has headquarters at 29 West Thirtieth Street, where it has meetings and classes without number.

The Twelfth Night Club is another woman's society with a dramatic leaning in its membership. It has about seventy-five members, most of them bright young actresses, writers, or artists. It has club-rooms at 126 East Twenty-third Street, where it has most tempting teas. The Woman's Press Club, with rooms at the same place, is now trying to raise money to secure a permanent home.

In spite of the fact that there are literally hundreds of women's clubs in New York, one can scarcely turn round without hearing of some new one that is being formed. There are, for instance, dining clubs composed of perhaps a dozen women bachelors who dine together at some restaurant on a specified evening. It is generally a French or Italian restaurant, where a *table d'hôte* dinner is served. Each diner is allowed to bring one woman as a guest, the only stipulation being that she shall be "interesting." This commonly means that she shall be one of the almost countless women who are "doing something."

New York ought to be a paradise for Mrs. Leo Hunter and her tribe. Here can be found the largest and choicest assortment of lions and lionesses to be seen in this country. A generation or two ago, when Zoe Zephyr and Lottie Locust and all those alliterative ladies had succeeded in getting a poem printed or a story accepted, they did not forthwith rush off to New York so as to be "in touch" with the world of letters. They stayed at home and evolved more poems and more romances out of their inner consciousness. But to-day every

thing is changed. The woman writer is no longer alliterative in her nom de plume. In fact, she rarely has a nom de plume at all. Also she does not believe in evolving ideas of things; she believes in seeing them with her own eyes. Also she believes in being "on the ground," "getting in touch," and various other things which necessitate her coming to New York. Hence there are more women writers here than one could meet in a year. It is the same with the artists. Actresses, too, have a love for the town and many of them have homes here. Georgia Cayvan, for instance, has a charming establishment in Harlem, where she is always at home on Sunday evenings. The Sunday evening custom, by the way, has been quite as universally adopted by New York women as it was by those of London.

The business women of the city are perhaps not picturesque as a class, but they are important. There are hundreds of women doctors, lawyers and merchants, not to mention much larger numbers of women occupying salaried positions in business firms.



wealth and culture, who is still at the head of the New York Association, comprising nineteen clubs.

But there are hundreds of shop girls and factory hands who are not in these societies. They have clubs of their own, however, which exist generally for the bringing about of an annual ball. The "Sweet Violets" and the "Lady Flashes" do not care much for practical talks and sewing-classes, but they

HE working-girls of New York are counted by thousands. They form an industrial force whose possible importance is scarcely realized. They are learning the value of co-operation and education. Women's labor unions are growing in numbers and strength. Beside these labor societies, there are working-girls' clubs, formed for mutual improvement and pleasure. The first one was organized ten years ago by Miss Grace Dodge, a woman of

can wear the most marvelous masquerade costumes ever seen on the East Side, and, in their own language, they can dance all round their rivals from neighboring cities.

The cigarette girls of New York need only a chronicler to make them as famous as the gamins of Paris. They certainly have quite as much wit and picturesqueness to recommend them to the novelist. The Bowery boy and the Grand Street girl are two of the most interesting figures in the whole life of the city. They have their own manner, walk, customs, and dialect. They are a fascinating and perplexing study. The Bowery boy has enlisted many writers, such as Edward Townsend, of the "Chimmie Fadden" stories, but of the girl of the East Side we have had only occasional snap shots. The Grand Street girl is gay, reckless, keen-witted, a flirt, and, above all, she has an enormous adaptability. She is quick to detect the presence of any one of superior breeding and education, and, no matter how "tough" she may be in her own haunts and among her own companions, she will change like a chameleon in this new atmosphere. I have heard one of these girls say to another: "For heaven's sake, Maggie, go chase yourself upstairs!" and in the next breath, with an entirely different tone and accent, say to a stranger: "May I take my friend upstairs to see the pictures?"

Most of these girls, born and bred in the tenements, grow old and die in the same way that their mothers have. They age prematurely, grow stout and slatternly, drink more or less, and quarrel or gossip among themselves. When you have come to the contemplation of them as a class you are pretty near the bottom of the ladder of womanhood in New York. For the levels which are even lower, you must go to the station-houses, the hospitals, the dives, and the Island.

These, however, are the exceptional classes. The society woman, who is often their best friend, the woman of culture, talent and ambition, the professional woman, the business woman, the working girl, with her adaptability for the good as well as the evil, are weighed over in the scale against them, and it is not strange that not a trace of the dark picture they present is to be seen in the bright and debonaire creature we accept as "the New York woman."

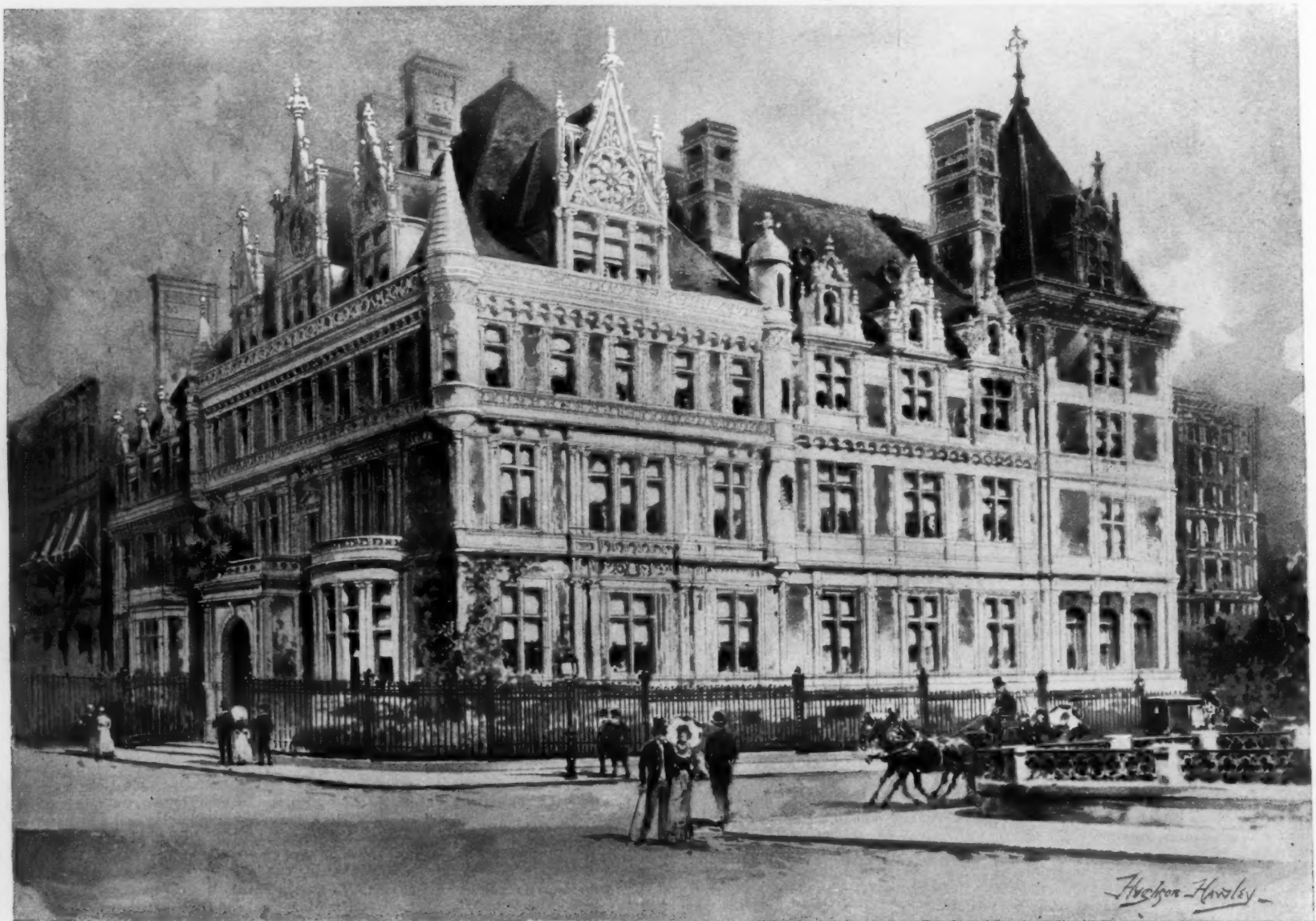
PALACES OF LUXURY AND SPLENDOR.



RESIDENCE OF MR. C. F. HUNTINGTON.



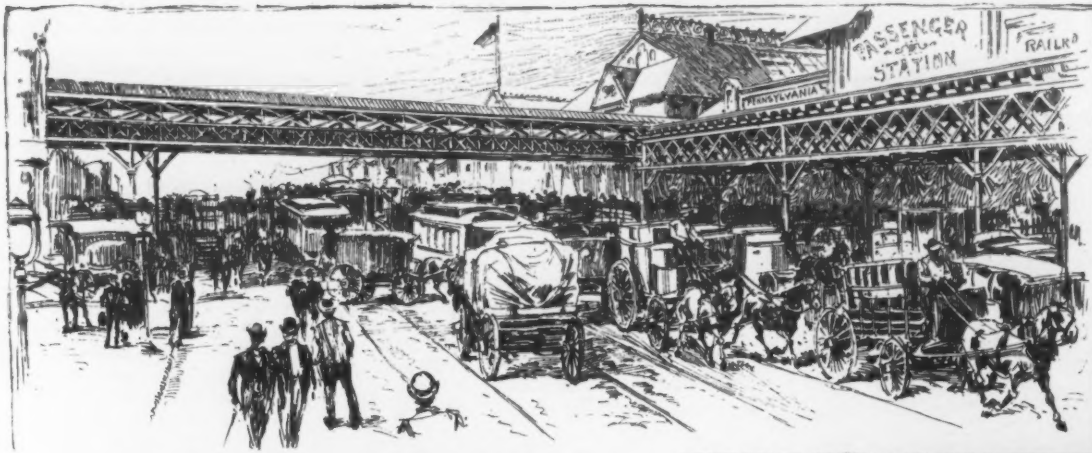
THE ELBRIDGE T. GERRY RESIDENCE.



THE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT MANSION.



ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE.



TRAFFIC ON WEST STREET—THE PASSENGER BRIDGE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.



THE BANK OF AMERICA BUILDING, WALL AND WILLIAM STREETS.

Celery Biscuits.

OUR tables are so bountifully supplied with good things to eat that any addition to them would seem to the easily satisfied as more than enough. The contrast, to be sure, between the modern table in this country and the tables at which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers sat is very great indeed. But the things that in the olden time were regarded as superfluous luxuries are now deemed as absolute necessities.

rapidity. Our ordinary pace would have worn out the old people in a very little while if they should have tried to go it without supplementing their monotonous diet and making it approach more nearly that of the active man of to-day. It has been computed, indeed, that if time could be measured by what a man does and sees and the space that he covers in his travels, that he lives now in ten years as much as his forefathers lived in thirty. It follows naturally, therefore, that to keep up steam and keep our

machinery in good order we need various and well-selected fuel. Under the circumstances the man who gives us something new to eat, something that is at once nutritious, wholesome, and palatable, is hailed as a benefactor of his kind. And so he is.

One of the recent new things—it is not yet a year old—was spoken of in these columns shortly after it was introduced to the public last winter. Then it had high medical indorsement because it was a food particularly grateful to invalids. Since then, however, it has been tried generally, and the demand for it has grown with such rapidity that there have been efforts to imitate it. We allude to the Celery Biscuits invented and manufactured by Mr. S. B. Clark, of 496 and 498 Grand Street, New York. To be sure, Mr. Clark appreciates the compliment that is involved in the efforts of others to imitate his invention, but he is not inclined to permit rivals in business to participate in the profits of his labor and enterprise. He has, therefore, put in circulation this notice, and places, we believe, a copy of it in each package of his biscuits:

"The undersigned, the original introducer and manufacturer of Celery Biscuit, which has become so celebrated as a delightful article of food, begs to call attention to the fact that this label and title are a trade-mark, duly registered as required by the statutes of the United States. No packages, other than those having this de-

sign, contain the genuine Celery Biscuit made by me. All persons are cautioned against imitations of this trade-mark, and notice is hereby given that any person using any such imitation or design will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law."

This notice, Mr. Clark explains, is not a merely formal one, but is issued in dead earnest and for very good reasons. It required long and expensive experiments for him to succeed in making his Celery Biscuit. Any one, to be sure, could put celery extract into biscuit or cracker dough and secure in the baked article a celery flavor. But this is not what Mr. Clark has done, although he has secured the celery flavor in a delightful degree. He has done much more, for he has infused into his biscuits the celery properties, and these are well

known to have very great value. Now inferior biscuits represented as his do him a serious injury, and this injury he will not suffer if he can help it.

For invalids, especially those suffering from nervous complications, this biscuit has been found to be a very grateful and useful variation of their diet. But the well like the biscuit quite as much, and they have been used extensively on the tea-tables, where cake rather spoils the aromatic excellence of the cheering cup, which does not inebriate. And with a glass of wine, whether the wine be sherry, port, claret, or champagne, the Celery Biscuit is just the thing. What, too, is very much to the purpose is this—the biscuits are not expensive but within the reach of all.

PHILIP P. INDEXTER.

The Bank of America.

THE Bank of America has occupied, for more than eighty years, the site at the northwest corner of Wall and William streets, on which now stands its lofty and admirable granite building. In 1831 the bank purchased this property, and in 1835 erected a building which, for upward of fifty years, was a conspicuous object in Wall Street. In 1888-89 the present Bank of America building took its place, covering the old site and twenty-five feet additional frontage, purchased from the Bank of North



A WINTER EVENING, UNION SQUARE.



ALL MUSICAL ARTISTS ENDORSE THE WEBER PIANO.

America. This imposing building supplies office-room for a number of corporations and private bankers, besides the bank's own exceedingly spacious and elegant banking apartments on the main floor. It was founded at a time when the expiration of the charter of the first bank of the United States opened the way for the de-

velopment of State banks. Its first directors and stockholders were recruited from among those interested in the Bank of the United States, and it attracted much of the capital and business of that institution.

A notable fact in the bank's history is the unbroken record it enjoys of having under all circumstances paid its circulating notes in gold, even in the face of more than one general suspension of specie payments. No holder of a Bank of America note has ever had his demand for payment of the note in gold refused. The Bank of America is the most prominent and influential bank now doing business under a State charter. Its capital of \$3,000,000 is re-enforced by a surplus in excess of \$2,000,000; and its deposits approach \$20,000,000. The board of directors includes Samuel Thorne, George A. Crocker, David S. Eggleston, J. Harsen Rhodes, Augustus D. Juilliard, Oliver Harriman, Frederic P. Olcott, George G. Haven, William H. Perkins, James N. Jarvis, and Dallas B. Pratt. The officers of the bank are William H. Perkins, president; Frederic P. Olcott, vice-president; Walter M. Bennet, assistant cashier; and John Sage, assistant cashier.



BUILDING OF JOURNEAY & BURNHAM, FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

A Fine Building and a Great Business.

Few localities in New York City have been improved in recent years as much as that portion of the city east of Chatham Street and just north of the terminus of the Brooklyn Bridge. Conspicuous among the new buildings in this vicinity is the Scott & Bowne building, which is the home of the world-famed Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. This is one of the most substantial, carefully built, and best equipped buildings in New York City, and it has done a great deal toward the advancement of the price of property in the locality where it stands. The business of

value and thus make it of more use to physicians in their practice. They were not content with simply mixing oil with other ingredients and calling it an emulsion, for they knew that to be a perfect emulsion the oil must be separated into microscopic particles small enough to be taken into the blood and remain in this emulsionized state. With a knowledge of how to emulsionize cod-liver oil and render it palatable possessed by no one else, they began manufacturing Scott's Emulsion in 1876, and have since determined to the satisfaction of the medical world the great remedial and nourishing properties of cod-liver oil.

There is no substitute for Scott's Emulsion, and there is no other preparation in the field of food-medicines that can take its place. It gives the system real strength, and if any of the strength acquired by taking Scott's Emulsion is not needed for immediate use, it is stored away in the shape of solid, healthy flesh. Almost all other flesh-forming foods create unhealthy fat that makes a tendency toward obesity. Cod-liver oil, however, in the form of Scott's Emulsion, eradicates unhealthy flesh by the making of sound, healthy tissue, and by giving nour-



SCOTT AND BOWNE BUILDING.

ishment to the blood it tones up the whole system. Scott's Emulsion is prescribed by physicians all over the world for chronic coughs, colds, weak lungs, consumption, emaciation, blood diseases, and wasting diseases of children.

Value of a Search.

A MATTER IN WHICH PURCHASERS OF REALTY ARE INTERESTED.

ONE of the most important factors entering into real-estate transactions is the proper searching of title.

This work requires more than a mere routine of certain clerical duties, in which the past history of acquisition and transfer of property under consideration may be brought to a satisfactory close, ready for the acceptance of the purchaser when the title is perfected. The work must be done in a comprehensive and intelligent manner from the records which the search unfolds to the legal experienced mind. The various conditions must be observed which have surrounded the property from time to time that may be beyond any question as to clear legality of acquisition, including every detail having a direct bearing upon the validity of the last transfer, and having a bearing on such other changes of title as may occur in future transactions.

Such is the purpose and intent, theoretically and practically, of the Long Island Title Company, recently organized, with offices in the Germania building, Nos. 375 to 379 Fulton

Street, the officers of which are David Thornton, president; William P. Rae, vice-president; Robert Rae, secretary; Daniel M. Tredwell, manager searching department.

The character and experience of these gentlemen are a guarantee of faithful and efficient service to the professional men of either law or real estate, and to a straightforward manner of conducting business with any one who desires information as to the value of realty upon Long Island, either by appraisal, loan, purchase, or search.

The Fifth Avenue Bank.

THE Fifth Avenue Bank is doubtless one of the best-situated banks of the city for the use of those residents around the Thirties, Forties, and Fifties of our numbered streets. Situated at 530 Fifth Avenue, corner of Forty-fourth Street, it is very conveniently arranged for all classes of banking business, and devotes considerable space and time to the especial care of the accounts of ladies. The last quarterly statement shows that this institution is in a most flourishing condition, having over one million dollars surplus and earnings. Mr. A. S. Frissell is president and Mr. Frank Dean, cashier.

Among the board of directors are Charles S.

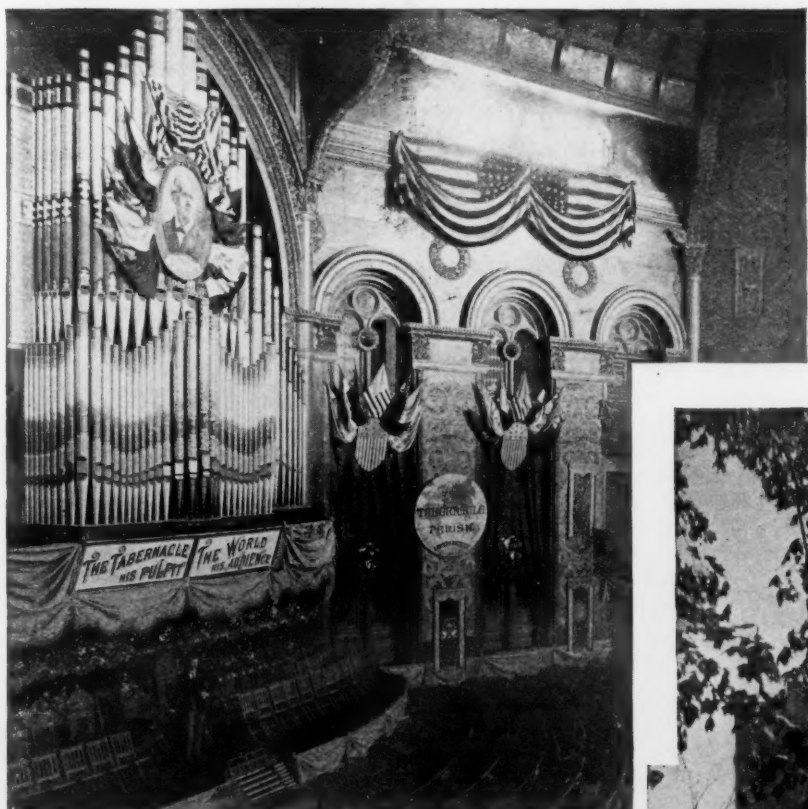
Smith, president Chamber of Commerce; Russell Sage, John B. Dutcher, Gardner Wetherbee, William H. Lee, James R. Plum, Edward H. Perkins, Jr., John D. Crimmins, James G. Cannon, Edward A. Price, and Samuel Shether; all gentlemen of prominence and well known for their business integrity.

An Asthma Cure at Last.

EUROPEAN physicians and medical journals report a positive cure for asthma in the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending free trial cases of the Kola compound by mail to all sufferers from asthma who send name and address on a postcard. A trial costs you nothing. *

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

WONDERFUL cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Broca Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease. *



THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE, DESTROYED BY FIRE SUNDAY, MAY 13TH. APPEARANCE OF THE AUDITORIUM AS DECORATED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE FIRE BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, J. C. HEMMENT. [FOR EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE TABERNACLE SEE PAGE 345.]



THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE—APPEARANCE OF THE RUINS ON MONDAY MORNING, MAY 14TH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH MADE EXPRESSLY FOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY BY J. C. HEMMENT.

NEW TRANSCONTINENTAL LINE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

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HIRES' Rootbeer

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PURITY of person **COMMANDS OUR RESPECT**, and for this reason we seek to avoid **PEOPLE OF BAD TASTE**, because they are usually uncleanly. But what can be more lovely than a young girl, just budding into womanhood, whose every charm has been heightened by the use of

Constantine's ❖ ❖ Persian Healing ❖ ❖ Pine Tar Soap?

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SUMMER ROSES.

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FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

POOR, TIRED, WEARY WOMAN! Weary with Work and Worry A Headache and a Heartache, too. But if relief for the first means relief for the other, one dose of "**Bromo-Seltzer**" is enough to restore her Health and Happiness. Trial Size, 10 Cents.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

The Knickerbocker Trust Company.

THE Knickerbocker Trust Company was organized in 1884, with its office at No. 234 Fifth Avenue, corner of Twenty-seventh Street, for the purpose of affording trust-company facilities to the large and influential moneyed class in the residential quarter of New York.

Its steadily-increasing business necessitated the establishment, about four years since, of branch offices at No. 3 Nassau Street and No. 18 Wall Street. These offices will, within a few days, be removed to No. 66 Broadway, where the company will occupy the first floor of the new building erected by the Manhattan Life Insurance Company, and enjoy facilities required by its steadily-increasing business.

The success of the Knickerbocker Trust Company during the first ten years of its existence has more than answered the expectation of its promoters. Its progress has been conservative and substantial, and it numbers among its clients many of the wealthiest and best-known corporations, firms, and individuals of this city. It has a capital of \$750,000, and an accumulated surplus of \$350,000. Its total deposits are about \$5,500,000, and its resources are \$6,500,000. The company is fully equipped in every way to carry on all branches of business which its charter authorizes, as executor, administrator, guardian, receiver, registrar, and transfer and financial agent for municipalities and corporations, and to accept any trusts in conformity with the law of any State or of the United States. It allows interest on time deposits, and receives current deposits subject to checks which are paid through the Clearing House, the same as those upon any of the city banks.

Connected with the business of its Fifth Avenue office is a safe-deposit vault which affords to the clients of the company the advantage of being able to transact their banking business and have their securities cared for in the same office.

The board of directors is a body of unusually prominent, capable, and influential business men, whose names alone are an assurance of careful management, being composed of: Joseph S. Auerbach, of Davies, Stone & Auerbach; Harry B. Hollins, of H. P. Hollins & Co.; Jacob Hays; Charles T. Barney; A. Foster Higgins, of Higgins, Cox & Barrett; Robert G. Remsen; Henry W. T. Mall, of Henry W. T. Mall & Co.; Andrew H. Sands; James H. Breslin, proprietor of the Gilsey House; General George J. Magee, president of the Fall Brook Coal Company; I. Townsend Burden, president of the Port Henry Iron Ore Company; Hon. E. V. Low, ex-comptroller of the City of New York; Henry F. Dimock, president of the Metropolitan Steamship Company; John P. Townsend, president of the Bowery Savings Bank; Charles F. Watson; David H. King, Jr.; Frederick G. Bourne, president of the Singer Manufacturing Company; Robert Maclay, president of the Knickerbocker Ice Company; C. Lawrence Perkins; William H. Beadleston, of Beadleston & Woerz; Alfred L. White, of William A. White & Sons; and Charles R. Flint, treasurer United States Rubber Company.

STUTTGART.

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(Great Bazaar, Book Store of Hermann Wildt.)

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(Vegetable)

What They Are For

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|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Biliousness | jaundice | great mental depression |
| indigestion (dyspepsia) | pimples | general debility |
| sickness at the stomach (nausea) | fullness of the stomach (distention) | backache |
| heartburn | shortness of breath (dyspnoea) | pain in the side |
| loss of appetite (anorexia) | dizziness (vertigo) | heaviness |
| coated tongue | wind on the stomach | disturbed sleep |
| bad taste in the mouth | pain or oppression around the heart | nightmare |
| torpid liver | fluttering of the heart (palpitation) | hot and throbbing head |
| sick headache (migrain or hemicrania) | irritability | coldness of hands and feet |
| nervous headache | nervousness | hot skin |
| dull headache | depression of spirits | sallow skin |

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of most of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially in women; and it can all be prevented. They who call the cure for constipation a cure all, are only half wrong after all.

Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal Street, New York, for a little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents a box.



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PEERLESS FOR THE COMPLEXION.

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SAMPLE STICK BY MAIL, 10c.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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"NOT SO BAD," ETC.

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And quite despise the creatures,
We must confess
Their business
Has its redeeming features.—*Judge*.

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stolen."

"No He's afraid the papers might refer to
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"OLD PEACHY is a very busy man. Does
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refined and cultivated everywhere, and is
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as the purest and sweetest for toilet and
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"If it were DONE when 'tis
DONE, then 'twere well it
were DONE QUICKLY."

—Macbeth.

and if it is a Croquette, or
an Oyster, or a Pie, or a
Doughnut, or a Biscuit,
or any other article that
needs

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when 'tis done, 'twill be
better done as well as more
quickly done if you use

Cottolene

The Vegetable Shortening.

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without the objectionable
flavor of lard; it heats
quicker than lard; it browns
better than lard, and does
not make food greasy and
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meaning.

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CHICAGO AND ST LOUIS
TO
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ASK FOR SLICED "BEECH-NUT BACON"—IN POUND BOXES.



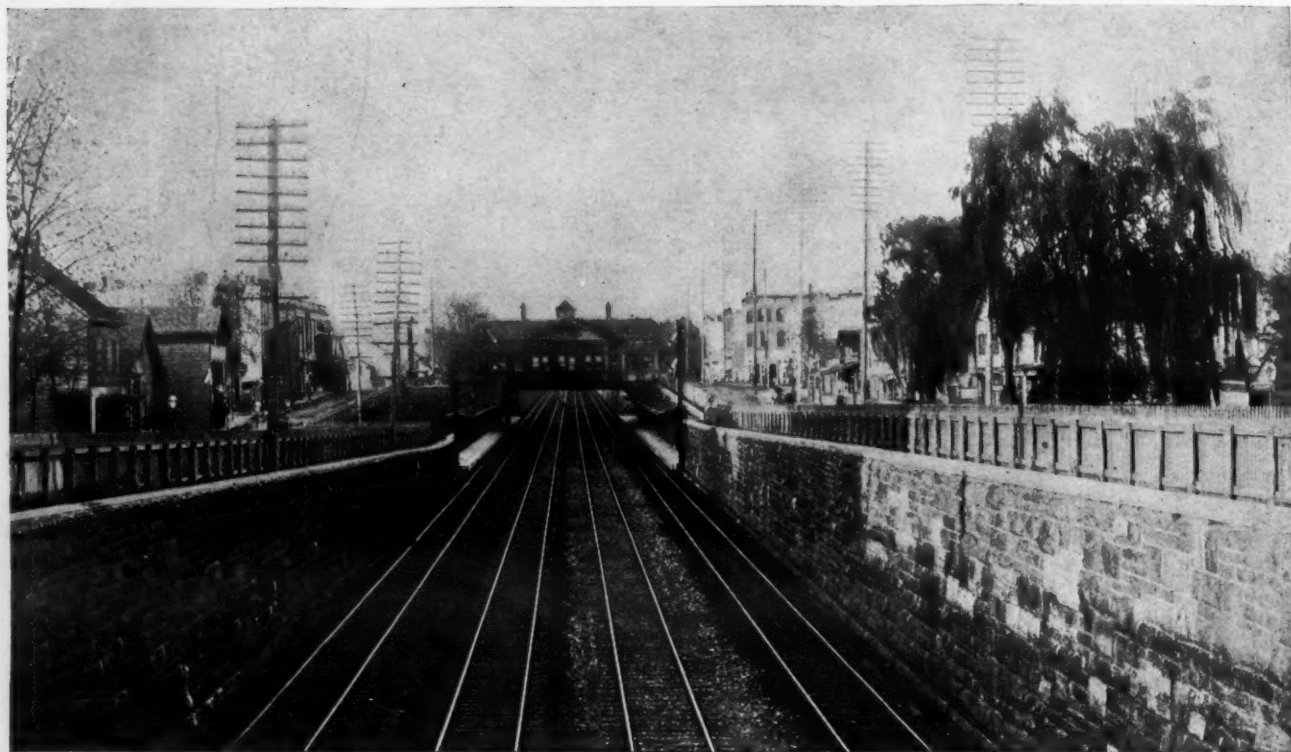
These four women, and four million others, are to-day wearing Dr. Warner's Coraline Corsets. Made in 25 different patterns, to fit every variety of figure—tall, short, slender, stout, either long, short, or medium waisted. The right one fits like custom-made. \$1 to \$12. Highest grade Parisian styles. Sold everywhere. Warner Bros., Makers, New York and Chicago.

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AFFORDED BY THE **NEW YORK CENTRAL.**

TO THE RESIDENTS OF GREATER NEW YORK.

That part of the Greater New York lying North of the Harlem River now enjoys close, speedy and comfortable communication with down town and every part of Manhattan Island, by means of the three great suburban lines of the New York Central, viz:—



The Four-Track Rapid Transit Line of the New York Central (Harlem Division).

THE HUDSON RIVER DIVISION.

(All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station.)

THE HARLEM RAIL- ROAD DIVISION. . . .

(All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station.)

THE NEW YORK & PUTNAM DIVISION.

(All trains arrive at and depart from 155th St. and 8th Ave., in connection with the Manhattan Elevated Railway System, 6th and 9th Aves.)

The operation of these three great lines in entire harmony, under one management, will undoubtedly result in the rapid development of this important territory, and ultimately the establishment here of the grandest system of suburban villas, lovely parks, and quiet summer resorts in the world. Such favorable opportunities for investment as are here presented may never again be offered to the people of New York.

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Those seeking desirable homes in the suburbs should at once canvass the property for sale or rent along the New York Central lines, in the counties of Westchester, Putnam and Dutchess. There are any number of beautiful building sites on high ground, commanding pure air and extended views, to be had on very reasonable terms.

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Next Year Values will be
Higher.

LOWEST COMMUTATION FARES ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

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FREQUENT DAY AND EVENING TRAINS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Send two 2-cent stamps to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, for a copy of a 40-page descriptive folder, with colored map, 16 x 36 inches, beautifully illustrating the territory north of the Harlem, which is embraced in the plan for the Greater New York.